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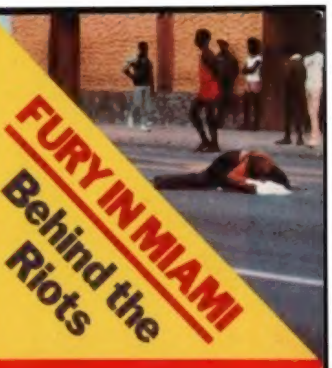

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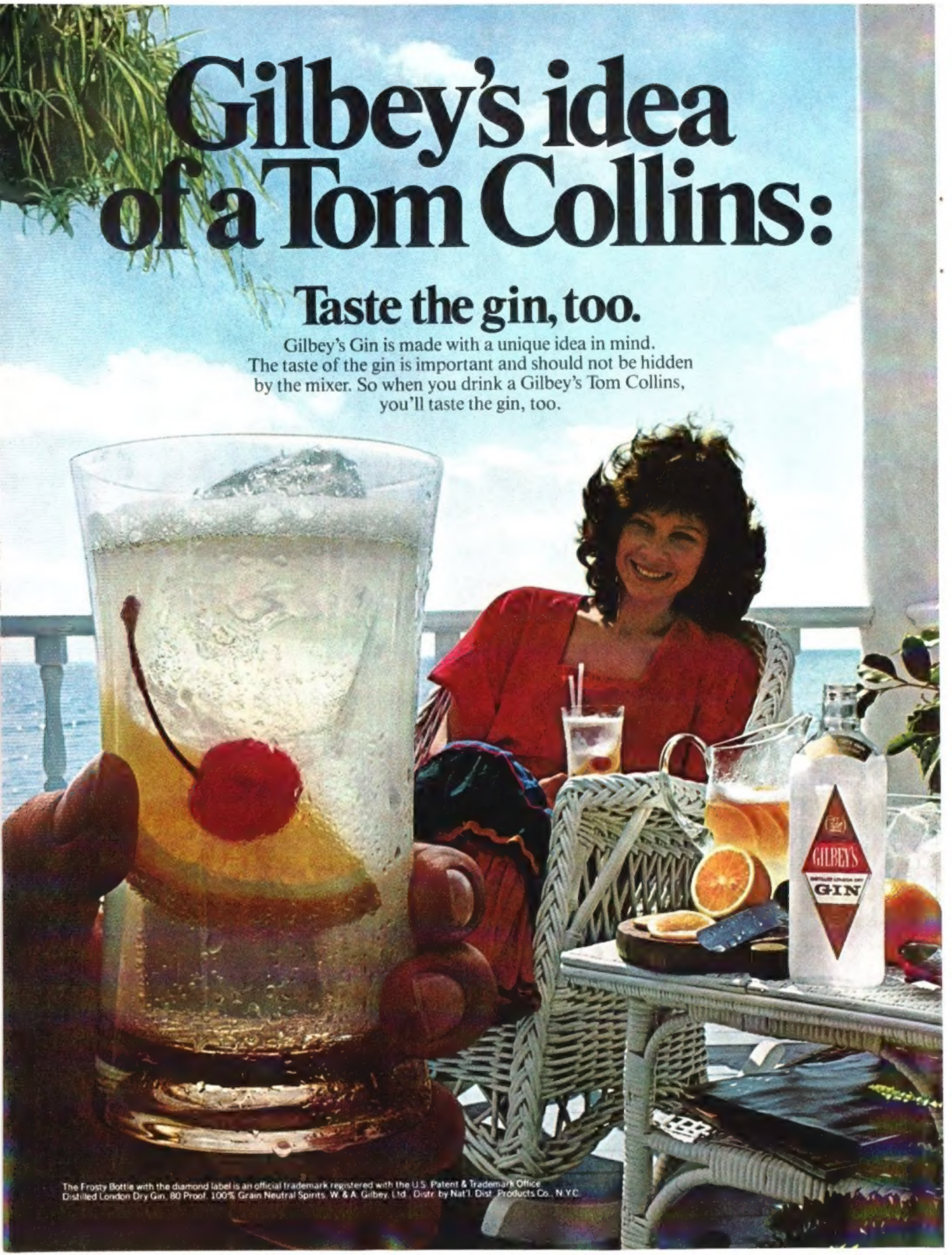

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JUNE 2, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 22 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

When Mount St. Helens began spewing chaos and destruction across the Northwest last week, TIME correspondents and photographers rushed to the scene—and could barely believe what they found. "It was beyond anything in my experience," said Correspondent Paul Witteman, who flew over the volcano for this week's cover story. "The whole terrain had been altered by the force of the explosion, and maps were next to useless." Correspondent James Willwerth found the roads to one especially hard-hit town—Ritzville, Wash.—closed for 50 miles in every direction, so he hitched a ride in a Red Cross vehicle. "The place was ankle deep in dust," said Willwerth. "It was surrealistic, a study in black and white, like a page out of an Aldous Huxley novel." Photographer Bill Thompson observed the effects of the volcanic cloud as it reached eastern Washington. Said he: "It was the bees that scared me, weighed down with ash. They staggered around like plaster casts of themselves, leaving wavering tracks on the dirty white blanket."

RON EDMONDS

Witteman and Barr in Kelso, Wash.

Photographer Roger Werth, who took the spectacular photographs on this week's cover, hastened to the Kelso, Wash., airport and was in the air 20 min. after the mountain blew its top, aiming his camera through a tiny window next to him as the pilot dipped and tilted for better shots. Said Werth: "At first we couldn't see a thing, but the air cleared for several minutes and then there was the mountain and the huge plume heading up into the sky." Photographer John Barr was riding a National Guard helicopter during an air search, when the craft suddenly banked. "I was right in the doorway," said Barr, "and a sudden gust blew my glasses off. Some day maybe they will be found down there on the rim of Mount St. Helens."

For Reporter-Researcher Brigid O'Hara-Forster in New York City, the Mount St. Helens saga was her third cover story in five weeks, and one of dozens in a long career of tracking wars and politics—but it was her first cover story to have no villains, only victims. "It put our merely human failings and frailties in perspective," she said. "It is literally inhuman. There's nobody to blame." Photographer Werth, who has lived in the Mount St. Helens area for more than ten years, said he began to feel the enormity of the disaster days later: "I've skied there, hiked there, worked there as a fire watch. Just last Saturday I was visiting old Harry Truman. Spirit Lake was absolutely calm, and Harry was running his lawn sprinklers. Now it's all gone."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by Roger Werth © Longview Daily News/Woodfin Camp.

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Letters

Reshuffle at State

To the Editors:

President Carter made a striking decision, picking Senator Edmund Muskie as Secretary of State [May 12]. We need big men in these positions, and Muskie is a giant in every respect.

Edward Alderfer
Hamilton, Ohio

In accepting Cyrus Vance's resignation, President Carter continues to confuse such qualities as integrity and sincerity with competence. That this naiveté about personnel matters should persist so long gives rise to doubts about the man's ability to learn from experience.

Maurice E. Friot, M.D.
Marco Island, Fla.

If the jobs of Secretary of State and National Security Adviser are so closely entwined and can be so confrontive, why are they two separate offices? The personality, not the position, seems to hold the power and win the rounds. In this case, Brzezinski took his first title bout.

Bruce Schowers
Las Vegas

You dismiss Brzezinski as a hothead. He may be, but he may also be the only one who understands what the Soviets really want. Anyone who is attacked in the Soviet press as a peddler of "slander and obvious lies" may know only too well.

Cynthia J. Crosson
Ballwin, Mo.

So Muskie has Polish ancestry too. Let's hope, for the sake of a consistent foreign policy, that he and Brzezinski are not Poles apart.

Jeanne W. Shafer
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Thoughts from the Analysts

The thought-provoking commentaries by Henry Kissinger and the other foreign policy analysts [May 12] presented different viewpoints, but there seemed to be one common thread throughout their remarks: we don't have a foreign policy that is understood by Congress, the American people or our allies.

Arthur C. Baxter
Atlanta

George W. Ball propounds the thesis of negative action for this country, a policy that has reduced us to a hesitant, cringing nation with no real friends and certainly no respect. His whole policy is do nothing, beg your allies for help and just hope that some time in the distant future things may work out.

Lawrence A. Wiegman
Orlando, Fla.

Hooray, Paul Seabury! Finally, someone states publicly what this nation is in need of—common sense. He is saying what this family of middle-class America has been saying too: We'll put up with dirtier air, even dirtier intelligence tactics and less than saintly politicians if, in exchange, we can have lower unemployment, respect from other nations and a strong leadership.

Jeri Slevin
Portland, Ore.

Has it occurred to any of these wise heads that the Soviets may not be as soft on us as we were on them? That they may not give us time to catch up? That they may very well decide to sink us while we are the weaker ship?

Dorothy M. Bayles
Chapel Hill, N.C.

The Failed Mission

As a European, I am glad that President Carter has at last had the courage to try a military solution to the hostage crisis in Iran [May 12]. No doubt, in the aftermath of the abortive raid, he will be branded as "inept" more than ever before.

But the failure of the raid was not his fault. It had a good chance of succeeding, and he should be admired for taking a positive stance. The first battle is often lost before final victory is attained.

Brian W.J. Gravenor
Southampton, England

Carter's handling of the raid into Iran borders on the incredible. He seems to have absorbed none of the lessons learned by the Israelis at Entebbe or the Germans at Mogadishu. The U.S. force combined elements of all four of the services, a composition more suitable to an honor-guard unit than a combat detachment. It is no wonder that the Army commander said afterward that he had no authority to destroy the helicopters left in the desert.

At the moment, American special units are still spending most of their time learning about Viet Nam–style field tactics. Their sophistication about interna-

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Letters

tional terrorism is less than that of the SWAT units in major city police departments. Terrorism is the war of the 1980s.

David E. Steele
Los Angeles

Cubans with Open Arms?

I am deeply saddened by the opposition of some Americans to the Cuban refugees [May 12]. My ancestors were immigrants, probably yours were too. People fleeing to America made it great in the past and will continue to make it great in the future. Without them we are nothing. We should all welcome new Americans. All they want from us is freedom, peace, justice and mercy.

Paul Crawford
College Park, Md.

America may be the land of the free and the home of the brave, but there is a limit to how far our freedom and fortitude will stretch. With the massive influx of the "lumpen" of Castro's despotic regime, our already ailing economy will have to absorb the shock of thousands of new members of the work force. It is time to close the doors and remedy our own economic and domestic ills.

Philip P. Reeder
Towson, Md.

Some of us feel that Plains, Ga., would be a good place in which to begin resettling Cuban refugees.

Susan McClain
Lomita, Calif.

Ravages of Revenge

Lance Morrow's Essay on revenge [May 12] radiates ethical sensitivity, insight and common sense. Thank God for a voice of reason in the midst of all the rhetoric calling for massive retaliation — an act that surely would sow the seeds of yet other crises conceived in revenge. Firmness, yes; vengeance, no.

(The Rev.) Jay Bartow
Monterey, Calif.

When will we, not only as Americans but as human beings, realize that two wrongs don't make a right?

Revenge is the most barbaric and destructive impulse that man ever experiences. For the moment it makes one feel proud or pleased, but its catastrophic results are hidden for the future. The day we have conquered revenge will be the day we are truly and completely out of the Stone Age.

Robert Votta
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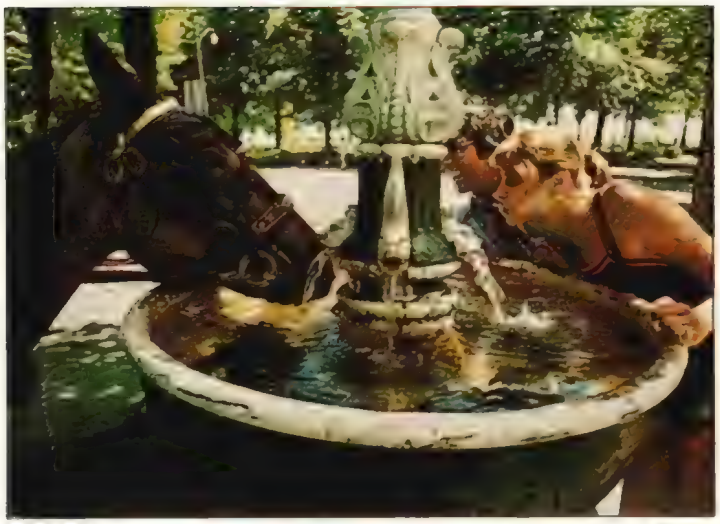

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Letters

tion as "Frankenstein's monster meeting Dracula" is inaccurate and unjust.

Although they differed strongly, they were dignified and civil at all times. The outcome was sad and painful to everyone concerned, including the board of directors. Since the event, both men have conducted themselves with courage and an overwhelming sense of duty to the First National Bank of Chicago.

Ben W. Heineman
Chairman, Executive Committee
First National Bank of Chicago

Shunning the Funeral

Tito's lesson about defying Moscow [May 12] seems to have been forgotten by Carter, who labors for peace and decency but refused to face Brezhnev at the funeral.

Geoffrey I. Phillips
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Bashing Those Toyotas

Shouldn't the unemployment rate [May 12] make the auto industry sit down and think what it did wrong by not producing the cars the consumers really needed? Our market is becoming vulnerable to foreign competitors who have more knowledge than we do.

Harold Lee
San Francisco

You have the cart before the horse. The problem is not rising prices but devaluation of the U.S. dollar caused by Washington's gross overspending. No government can spend to the brink of bankruptcy without causing inflation.

Jeanne Lisle
Midland, Mich.

There was a time when Americans took pride in producing the best. Inflated wage demands, declining productivity, poor corporate planning and lack of quality are responsible for the American auto industry's present difficulties. Taking a sledgehammer to a superior foreign import or pushing for higher tariffs and increased quotas will do nothing for declining American auto sales. What the American people want is a quality product at a reasonable price. Let us strive once again to take pride in the stamp MADE IN THE U.S.A.

J. Howard Hannah
Denton, Md.

Angry Detroiters should not be bashing in Toyotas. They should carefully take them apart to figure out how they are made. Maybe they can build a reasonable copy.

Joseph Gerry
New Orleans

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On the morning after the first night of bloody rioting, fires still burn in many devastated blocks of Liberty City

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TIME/JUNE 2, 1980

Fire and Fury in Miami

Strongest of the riot's many causes was a sense of injustice

To some Negroes police have come to symbolize white power, white racism and white repression. And the fact is that many police do reflect and express these white attitudes. The atmosphere of hostility and cynicism is reinforced by a widespread belief among Negroes in the existence of police brutality and in a double standard of justice and protection—one for Negroes and one for whites.

—The National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, 1968

The pages of the once celebrated report pinpointing the causes of America's worst race riots of the 1960s are yellowing now in public libraries and official files. The Kerner Commission's warning that "our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal" has faded, too, from public consciousness. But as firemen in riot-ravaged Miami quenched the last embers of blazes that had reduced scores of business buildings to charred shells, as street crews hosed off the blood of 14 people beaten or shot to death, and 3,800 National Guardsmen withdrew from patrolling a 40-block by 60-block area of the shaken city, the nation had been jolted anew into a realization that black outrage at "a double standard of justice" still remains near flash point in many U.S. cities.

As always there were multiple pressures that erupted into the Miami race riot —by far the worst since 43 people were killed (mostly black rioters shot by police) in a week of looting and burning in Detroit in 1967. High unemployment, the ruinous impact of inflation, resentment at all the public help given the still rising tide of refugees inundating southern Florida from Cuba—all fed the fury of the Miami area's 233,000 blacks. Yet perhaps more clearly than in any other recent race conflict, the rage in Miami focused on police, prosecutors and the courts. And when the three-day bloodletting was over, blacks had fresh cause to complain that some Miami and Dade County police had reacted with quick triggers and hot tempers. Most of the dead—and all of those killed after the first night of violence—were blacks.

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Shot by police, Allen Mills lies dead within the riot area

After the first outburst, the pattern of killing changed.

On the other hand, the violence of the black mobs that roamed through such ghettos as Liberty City and Brownsville, wielding torches and firing shotguns and pistols, terrified not only the whites who had been accidentally caught in those neighborhoods but also the police who rushed into the area trying to restore order. Declared

Marvin Dunn, a black psychologist at Florida International University: "I've never seen anything like it. In the 1960s people got hurt because they got in the way. But in this riot, people have set out to kill white people."

Some scenes reverberated in the memories of those who had been attacked. White motorists could only jam down their accelerators, duck their heads and try to speed away from the fusillade of bricks, bottles and bullets aimed at their cars. "There's one, that's a white one!" a black screamed as a yellow Toyota passed an intersection. The driver spun his wheels frantically in an oil slick before escaping the approaching mob. Recalled white Motorist Jim Davis: "The police had put up a roadblock. I couldn't get around it. I went into a U-turn, but my car stalled and they came running at me. I heard them scream, 'Honky!' I got the car into gear and knocked them out of the way. I heard gunfire. I saw a police officer and I screamed, 'What should I do?' He said, 'I've been shot at all night. Do what you have to to get out.'"

A looter in action

Other whites were not so fortunate. Robert Donald, a construction worker, watched in terror from his own car as two young men were dragged from their automobile. Said he: "They stomped and stomped. I cried just like a baby." After Donald fled, Miami *Herald* Reporter Earni Young witnessed more cruelty at the same site. Reported Young: "A late-model green car—I think it might have been a Chevrolet Impala—deliberately drove over one of the bodies. I think I saw it rip the man's arm off. The crowd cheered and yelled."

Trying to report the riot, United Press International Reporter Mike Fowler was seized by blacks, beaten and robbed of his wallet. Jeffrey Kulp, 22, a white passenger in a car being attacked by a mob, was shot in the back and left paralyzed from the waist down. As the car fled, it struck Shanreka Perry, 11, a black girl. Her leg had to be amputated.

Police too came under assault. Officer Frank Rossi tried to help a young white woman who was being kicked. "As I tried to reach for my gun, a guy picked up a huge coral rock and slammed it down on my thigh," Rossi said. "They were all kicking me and calling me names. I was down on my back." Rossi struggled into his car and got away as rocks smashed all its windows. Said National Guardsman Art Chambers, who drove a truck into the riot area to bring food to other Guardsmen: "The sniper fire came out of 10,000 different places and you had no idea of where to look."

Blacks warily watch Florida National Guardsman at street corner

But as the Guardsmen and police from both Miami and Dade County, which surrounds the city, moved into the riot areas in force, the killing pattern changed. Nine blacks were either shot by the officers or struck by gunfire from unidentified sources. Allen Mills, 33, was shot five times by police at a roadblock in the riot zone. The officers claimed Mills had threatened them with a knife. Blacks at the scene contended that Mills was unarmed and had been shot repeatedly in the back. Police claimed that Elijah Aaron had first shot at them, then was killed in the return fire by the officers. They said they shot Abram H. Phillips, 21, because he was armed and running. A security guard reportedly killed Michael Scott, 17, as he looted a drugstore. Kenneth Lee China, 22, was merely standing in front of his house when a bullet stuck him in the chest, wounding him fatally.

While some of these killings of blacks are already under investigation by the FBI in a sweeping Justice Department probe, top Miami police officers admitted that some members of the department had reacted unprofessionally to the widespread looting. Several policemen walked into a shopping center parking lot at around 11:30 p.m. and systematically smashed the windshields of 14 unoccupied cars with billy clubs, rifle butts and pieces of pipe. They slashed tires and spray-painted LOOTER, THIEF and I AM A CHEAP NO GOOD LOOTER on the vehicles. Claimed Joe Sheely, 26, a resident of the neighborhood: "They were getting a kick out

Parked cars that were damaged and spray-painted by police in riot zone

Quick triggers, hot tempers and some very unprofessional behavior.

Charred ruins in Liberty City; young blacks find furniture left to steal

"The police are set up to protect white people from their enemies, and that is us."

of it." Four Miami police officers were suspended from duty for the vandalism, and Miami Mayor Maurice Ferre declared, "It burns the hell out of me to see one or two bums ruin the reputation of 700 dedicated men."

Angry blacks charge that far more than "one or two bums" have used their police badges to mistreat blacks for years. Well after the emotions of many blacks had been vented in the rioting, their bitterness toward police persisted. "It's always a shame when someone gets hurt," said one 58-year-old Miami black man at a post-riot meeting, "but the police are set up to protect white people from their enemies, and that is us." John Conyers Jr., a black Congressman from Detroit, arrived in Miami and charged, "Police started a counterwar. Most of the white cops think this is a war game—that it is fun. It's on their faces."

The more immediate and practical problem facing residents of the devastated black neighborhoods, which were bleak and run down even before the burning, was where to buy food, clothing and other daily necessities. Gangs of youths filling shopping carts with meats, canned foods, liquor and clothing had been commonplace. One black man had time to lash a dining-room set to his car roof—but was arrested when the engine would not start. There had long been a shortage of shops and services in the densely populated communities. Asked one young black: "Now where people gonna buy milk? Where they gonna shop?"

Despite the mob's fury, the torching and destruction were remarkably selective. Although some black merchants saw their shops burned out, the crowd concentrated on white-run businesses. The rioters' main targets were white-owned thrift stores, pawnshops, liquor stores, auto parts dealers and chain groceries. Few banks or pharmacies existed in the area. Schools and churches escaped damage, and the homes occupied by blacks looked as untouched as the residences of affluent whites in Coral Gables and Miami Shores.

Some white merchants successfully defended their buildings with guns. American Freight System Inc., which has a large terminal in the area, sent employees to the rooftops to stand watch during the worst nights. "We're pretty well

A car dealer guarding his wares

stocked here and ready to fight a war if we have to," said one driver, Rodney Connell. Brothers Alan and Jeff Kaufman sat in their antiques store with a shotgun and pistols to drive off looters. Then some white teen-agers offered to defend the place if they were given guns and $100 each. Said Alan Kaufman: "They were fantastic. I gave them each a $50 bonus."

But as usual in such rioting, blacks probably suffered the most and will surely be the most affected. A crudely lettered sign outside the Ability Tire Co. read BLACK-OWNED AND OPERATED. But the store was ransacked, and James Price, who worked there, was puzzled. "I was under the impression that this was a rebellion against the white man," he said. "So why did they break in here?"

Overall, the damage was estimated by local officials at about $200 million, with some 6,000 jobs at least temporarily wiped out. Initial surveys are necessarily hasty, and some store owners inflate estimates for insurance purposes. First reports on damage in the Detroit riot put it at $500 million; it was later reduced to $45 million. Still the Miami riots may turn out to be one of the most costly in U.S. history. Beyond that, some 400 people were injured; four of them remained hospitalized in critical condition. A total of 1,267 rioters were jailed.

Guardsman in ransacked store

Startled by the explosion of black violence, Miami's civic leaders invited nationally known blacks to come try to cool the anger. Among them: former U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, N.A.A.C.P

Executive Director Benjamin Hooks, Southern Christian Leadership Conference President Joseph Lowery and the Rev. Jesse Jackson of Chicago. But when Young tried to speak to a post-riot rally of some 800 blacks, he was shouted down and had to leave with a protective escort. "What the hell are you doing here?" one angry black screamed at Young as he arrived for the meeting in Liberty City. "The only time we see y'all so-called leaders is when you come here trying to calm somebody down."

There is one factor that makes Miami different from other U.S. cities: its huge Cuban population. Local black leaders disagree on whether the 20-year influx of Cubans, augmented by the recent flood of new refugees, is a serious source of black frustration or just a handy current issue. There is no doubt, though, that blacks, who now comprise only 15% of Dade County's 1.5 million residents, feel they are treated as "third-class citizens" behind the still dominant non-Latin whites, at 48%, and the Hispanics, at about 37%. The Cubans have taken some jobs that blacks always sought, particularly as employees in Miami Beach's tourist hotels.

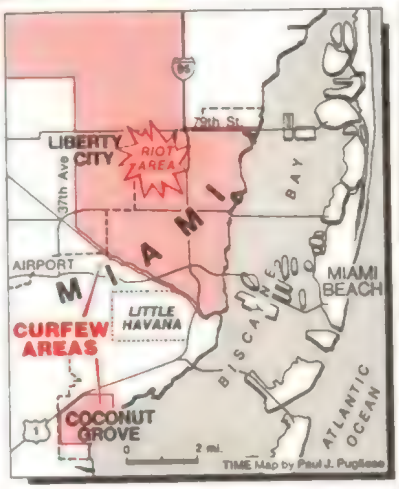
But the far more basic cause of the inflamed black mood in Miami is the unequal treatment accorded whites and blacks accused of racially sensitive crimes. The series of what blacks took as insults began on Jan. 9 of last year when Florida State Highway Patrolman Willie T. Jones, 37, who is white, was accused of taking an eleven-year-old black girl into his patrol car and molesting her. He did not contest the charge and the county prosecutor's office acquiesced in a deal whereby Jones would receive psychiatric help rather than go to jail.

On Feb. 12, a squad of plainclothes detectives seeking a drug suspect burst into the home of Nathaniel La Fleur, a respected black Miami schoolteacher. Although La Fleur protested loudly that the police had the wrong house, the officers beat both the teacher and his son Hollis, 20. Dade County State Attorney Janet Reno, who had once earned black respect as a liberal sympathetic to their complaints, failed to secure an indictment from a grand jury. She said the police had made "a dumb mistake."

On Sept. 2, Larry Shockley, an off-duty policeman, fatally shot Randy Heath, 22, a black, in the back of the neck outside a warehouse. The officer, who was moonlighting as a security guard for the warehouse, contended that Heath had been trying to burglarize the building. Heath's sister, Theresa, 19, said her brother had merely gone to the side of the building to urinate. Again, Reno's office presented evidence to a grand jury but failed to get an indictment.

The prosecutor turned more aggressive, however, when Johnny Jones, the black superintendent of Dade County schools, was accused of attempting to use some $9,000 in school funds to buy gold-plated plumbing fixtures for a vacation house he was building. A popular educator widely admired by both blacks and Miami's top white officials, Jones had tried to cover up the attempted misuse of funds. Reno quickly called a rare Saturday session of a grand jury to get him indicted; the school board called an equally unusual Sunday session to suspend him from his job. Jones was quickly convicted of theft and is awaiting sentence. Although his guilt was demonstrated, many Miami blacks saw the swift action against Jones as markedly different from Reno's failure to prosecute the physical crimes committed by white police.

All of that was only a prelude to the most inflammatory case of all, the fatal beating of Arthur Lee McDuffie, 33, an insurance company official who was overwhelmed by Dade County police on Dec. 17 after trying to elude their pursuit of his speeding motorcycle. Reno seemed to have a clear-cut case, and highlights of the testimony were televised in regular news programs throughout the state. To the shock of whites and blacks alike, the all-white six-man jury found the officers innocent of all charges (*see box*).



Dade County State Attorney Janet Reno
"I was bitterly disappointed."

If white Miami was shocked by the McDuffie trial verdict and the subsequent rioting, it was only because previous warnings had been ignored. As early as March 1979, Athalie Range, a black civic leader, declared starkly: "Miami is bleeding to death. Hate is spelled in capital letters all over this county." When no action was taken in the shooting of young Heath, Garth C. Reeves, editor of the Miami *Times*, a black weekly, predicted on May 1: "Something terrible is waiting to happen in Dade County."

In the past two years, the Justice Department's Community Relations Service, which watches for rising tensions between local police and the communities they are supposed to serve, held two meetings with Miami authorities to warn about the deteriorating relations between police and blacks. Nothing came of the meetings, partly because the Washington agency has neither the manpower nor the legal power to force local officials to act.

At the same time, Dade County's Community Relations Board, consisting of 30 unpaid volunteers (15 of them white) had little more than the leverage of local publicity to apply to the problem. It too failed to respond adequately. Similarly the 14 officers of the Metro Dade Police Community Service (ten of them white) proved either unable or unwilling to heed the black warnings. Admitted Dade County Community Programs Supervisor Lonnie Lawrence: "We didn't gauge the depth of the feeling. People were boiling mad."

The Justice Department stepped forward to try to redress law enforcement wrongs. Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti flew to the city and promised that the black community "will get a fair shake and fair play." Justice Department prosecutors promptly convened a federal grand jury to determine if the slain McDuffie's civil rights had been violated. It seems likely that the accused officers will face federal prosecution.

Civiletti also announced that 15 U.S. assistant attorneys and ten FBI agents would be added to federal staffs already in Miami, and they will investigate 14 recent cases in which police or prosecutors might have acted unfairly toward blacks. Said he: "Clearly there has been a feeling of a double standard of justice applying to this community."

There was one demand by Miami's black leaders, though, that the Justice Department was powerless to meet: the dismissal of Reno, 41, as Dade County's top elected law enforcement official. A Harvard Law School graduate and, ironically, a member of the N.A.A.C.P., the 6-ft. 1-in. woman won election in 1978 with considerable black support, piling up 74% of the vote. She has vowed to seek re-election this fall, even though Mayor Ferre has urged her to take a leave. She stoutly

defends her handling of the McDuffie case, insisting: "I assigned some of the best prosecutors on my staff. We did everything possible. I was bitterly disappointed at the outcome."

The efforts of federal and local officials to ease Miami's tension were not helped at week's end when Miami Police Chief Kenneth Harms restored the officers who had vandalized the cars to the force, sending them to a "stress program" for officers who had not lived up to department standards. Several hundred officers gathered in the streets to protest Mayor Ferre's reference to "a couple of bums" in the department.

Were conditions in Miami unique, or could similar frustrations among inner-city blacks boil up into riots elsewhere? Very few street-savvy leaders in any large U.S. city were ready to declare that their own ghettos were safe from eruption.

One reason for the uneasiness of many experts on race relations is that there is no tidy relationship between the relative progress of blacks and outbreaks of rioting. The decade of the '60s marked some of the greatest gains ever made by U.S. blacks, both economically and in the enforcement of laws breaking down racial barriers in jobs, housing, schools and public accommodations—yet it was also a period of racial clashes.

By contrast the '70s, with far less national attention given to racial issues, was a decade of relative racial peace. Yet while many blacks scored personal breakthroughs of various sorts in the '70s, the overall status of blacks slipped relative to whites. Looking back at the decade, Vernon Jordan, president of the National Urban League, conceded: "More black people find themselves in better circumstances than at any time in our history. It would be dishonest to claim otherwise. Blacks in high positions have proliferated. Blacks are in jobs never before open to us. Blacks are in schools and colleges that never allowed us through their doors." Jordan nevertheless argued that "the myth of black progress" was a "dangerous illusion" because it does not apply to "the vast majority of black people."

Between 1970 and 1979, for example, the percentage of black families classified as middle income dropped from 12% to 9%. The average income of blacks slipped three percentage points farther behind that of whites (from 60% to 57% of white income). Black unemployment in the same decade rose from 8.2% to 12.6% —which is twice that of whites. And as the U.S. faces a recession, black unemployment is expected to climb higher. Among black teen-agers in large cities this summer, the unemployment rate may reach 50%. The only consolation in such alarming statistics is that joblessness alone rarely triggers a riot. If it did, says Newark Mayor Kenneth Gibson, who is black, "every city in the country would be in flames."

The expanding political power of

What Happened to "Duff"?

Arthur Lee McDuffie, 33, was by all accounts an amiable, hardworking man. A former Marine, he was an associate manager with the Coastal States Life Insurance Co. in Miami. Though he divorced his wife Frederica in 1978, he remained close to her and their two daughters, Shederica, 9, and Dewana, 2, and he planned to remarry her later this year. "Duff," as friends called him, often took on odd jobs —managing a rock-soul band, running a carwash business —for extra money. "He was always working," said Frederica. "He dreamed of retiring at 42."

In the early morning of Dec. 17, a Dade County police sergeant spotted McDuffie speeding on his orange and black Kawasaki motorcycle. McDuffie, who had lost his driving license for paying a previous traffic fine with a bad check, gunned the cycle. According to police, he ran a series of red lights at speeds of up to 100 m.p.h. before he finally slowed down. By this time, more than a dozen policemen had closed in. The initial police report claimed that McDuffie's cycle had crashed, injuring him. This report also said that he fought off the police until they subdued him. By the time a fire department rescue truck arrived seven minutes later, McDuffie's face, according to one policeman there, "looked like it was sprayed with a can of red paint." McDuffie was still conscious but soon lapsed into a coma; he died four days later of head injuries.

Even before McDuffie died, investigators began picking apart the official version of what had happened. A departmental inquiry led to eight Dade County policemen being dismissed. Five went on trial on charges ranging from second-degree murder to tampering with evidence. They were Alex Marrero, Ira Diggs, Michael Watts, Eddie Del Toro and Herbert Evans Jr.

The trial began on March 31 in Tampa, having been moved out of Miami at the request of the defense. The policemen's lawyers also successfully challenged all potential black jurors; the result was a jury of six white males. Two policemen, Mark Meier and Charles Veverka Jr., testified for the prosecution in exchange for immunity, while a third, William Hanlon, was forced to appear after the charges against him were dropped. Their accounts made up the body of the state's case.

Meier, one of the first to arrive on the scene, said that McDuffie had said, "I give up," but some of the police beat him with their nightsticks and flashlights. Marrero then stood over the cyclist, now lying still on the ground, and hit him on the head with his nightstick, testified Meier. Added Veverka: "I got splattered with the blood." Hanlon testified that he himself then drove his squad car over the motorcycle to make it look as though the bike had crashed.

Marrero admitted hitting McDuffie, but contended that he had done so only because the black man grabbed for the policeman's gun. Defense Attorney Edward Carhart told the jury that the attack on McDuffie was like a "barroom brawl," but he argued that it was impossible to determine who had delivered the fatal blow. He also stressed inconsistencies in the testimony of the state's police witnesses.

RAY FISHER

Arthur McDuffie in his Marine dress uniform

After seven weeks of testimony, the jury took only two hours and 45 minutes to return a verdict: not guilty on all counts. Marrero broke into tears of relief. Said he: "It was an accident."

The jurors seemed to feel not only that the state had failed to prove its case, but that its witnesses appeared just as responsible for the killing as the defendants. "It wasn't fair to send one person to prison while others just as guilty were going free," said Jury Foreman David Fisher, an air-traffic control specialist at Tampa airport. Fisher insisted that there was no racial favoritism in the verdict, then added: "But the black community won't look at it this way." He was right.

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blacks in cities with large minority populations has helped somewhat to ease tensions. There are almost 200 black mayors holding office in U.S. cities. Among them: Washington, Los Angeles, Atlanta. Some police forces have wisely hired more black officers. In Detroit, which also has a black mayor, fully 40% of the force is black, compared with a mere 6% in the late '60s. (By contrast, only 106 of Dade County's 1,501-member force are black.) Yet even in Detroit, Mayor Coleman Young says of racial violence in his city: "The threat is real. The unrest is real."

After the Miami riots, which Jesse Jackson called "the most bitter and mean I've ever been in," the Chicago activist warned that "Miami cannot be isolated. The storm clouds are rising and we blacks need help." Warned Arthur Barnes, president of the New York Urban Coalition: "You can stretch a rubber band just so far and then it breaks."

Although there was scattered racial violence last week in Tampa, related to the McDuffie verdict, the nation's largest cities remained the prime points of danger. Said New York Mayor Ed Koch: "Any city in this country could experience that incident. I hope it won't happen here." New York police feel that they have worked hard to improve relations with blacks since the Harlem riots of 1964, but as one veteran officer explained, "There's a group out there that nobody reaches. They don't talk to us; we don't talk to them. They're just waiting for the first loud noise."

Says Sociologist Philip Hauser of Chicago: "There isn't a central city in this country where the mood of the black community isn't the same as in Miami." In Chicago police believe that friction over black contentions of police brutality has eased, but nobody is really sure that this is so. Says James Compton, executive director of the Chicago Urban League, about rioting in the city: "The potential is definitely there. It is just a question of what will touch it off." Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, a black, contends that black antagonism toward his city's police has dropped. "We used to have a shooting policy," he says of the department. "Now we are working with the community." But Harry Dolan, director of the former Watts Writers Workshop, disagrees. Says he: "The resentment is building again. You just can't keep shooting people without someone some time shooting back." In Boston, Buford Kaigler of the Human Rights Commission feels that in cases of police brutality, blacks "have shown a willingness to wait for a ruling from the judicial process." But he warns: "When there's an appearance of a perversion of the judicial process, people take to the streets." Agrees Joseph D. Feaster Jr., president of the Boston branch of N.A.A.C.P.: "If you get the right circumstances and the ignition, then you're going to have the problem."

It is an uneasy fact that the Justice Department has received more complaints of police abuses from such cities as Philadelphia, Houston and Memphis than it has from Miami. It sued the city of Philadelphia last year for what it considered a systematic abuse of police powers, but a federal judge ruled that the Government had no legal right to do that—a decision now being appealed.

It is traditional, however, that police powers are and should be a local, not a federal matter. "There is a dilemma between the federal and local presence," says Louis Nunez, staff director of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. "Our society has left crime to local police. When should the Federal Government step in?" The answer is when local police and prosecutors fail to perform their duties in a color-blind way—and before such injustices arouse the equally outrageous resort to killing, looting and burning. ■

All the Long, Hot Summers

"Burn, baby, burn!" That was the exultant cry first heard in the Los Angeles district of Watts. It marked a historic shift from the era of sit-ins and nonviolent marches, of songs and prayers, to the era of ghetto rioting. The worst outbreaks:

New York City, July 1964. At a rally held in Harlem to protest the killing of a black youth by a white off-duty police officer, black leaders denounced the police and called for community action. When the crowd marched to a Harlem police station, scuffles with police erupted into a riot that lasted six days and also broke out in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. The final toll: one dead, 143 injured, 461 arrested.

A National Guard tank rumbles through Detroit in July 1967

Los Angeles, August 1965. A minor incident on a hot summer night turned into six days of rioting, arson, looting and sniping by an estimated 10,000 blacks. Of the 34 people killed, 28 were black. By the sixth day, 12,000 National Guardsmen and 2,500 city and county police were patrolling 46 square miles and had arrested 4,000 people. Some 200 buildings were completely destroyed, with property losses estimated at $40 million.

Cleveland, July 1966. Again a minor incident—this time in a neighborhood bar in the black section of Hough—turned into widespread shooting and fire bombing. In six days, four blacks were killed and 50 injured. A grand jury later blamed "trained professionals."

Newark, July 1967. Violence exploded when blacks heard and believed a false rumor that the police had killed a black taxi driver. As the rioting spread, exaggerated reports of black snipers prompted the intervention of the National Guard. In six days of rioting, 26 were killed, 1,500 injured, and damage reached $30 million.

Detroit, July 1967. The worst riot of the decade erupted on a muggy night when police raided an after-hours drinking club. At the height of the violence, President Lyndon Johnson sent in the U.S. Army, and the National Guard fired machine guns from Sherman tanks. The seven-day toll: 43 killed, 2,000 injured, 7,000 arrested and 5,000 left homeless.

Washington, D.C., April 1968. After the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. was killed in Memphis, Stokely Carmichael led a march down 14th Street that swelled into a riot. In four days, nine died, 1,000 were injured and 6,000 arrested.

The "long hot summer" had become an annual event in America's cities when the rioting suddenly stopped. One reason was a series of reforms: more political power for blacks, police review boards, a variety of job programs. Another was the realization that ghetto blacks were the chief victims of ghetto violence—burned-out areas of Detroit and Newark are still in ruins today. But as Miami demonstrated, the elements that created the history of ghetto rioting still exist.

Ghetto Voices: "You Can't Help from Being Angry"

As in many race riots, the explosion in Miami appeared to those most centrally involved in it as a sudden swirl of senseless violence. And when it was over, the main victims were those who could least afford it: the blacks of Liberty City. Some views from people inside the ghetto:

"A DUMB RIOT"

Linda Fullwood, 27, who supports herself and two children on $195 a month from welfare, was standing in front of her dilapidated housing project on 62nd Street, when she saw a white youth run down the street toward her, chased by a crowd of angry blacks. "He was messed up real bad," says Fullwood. "A bunch of blacks surrounded him and hit him a couple of times, but he didn't fall. Then a black guy drove up in a big truck and got the white man inside and got him away. He had to pull a pistol to get people back from his truck." Fullwood tried her best to stay out of the melee, but she was later hit by a bottle and now has a gash on her left arm.

Linda Fullwood

"It was a dumb riot," says Fullwood. "You get hurt taking other people's stuff. It ain't like they put it in the street and say 'Come and get it.' The only thing they tore up was the black area. Now I got to go way across to Hialeah to shop."

She hopes to start work in a computer keypunch training program soon "so maybe I can get a good job and move away from here." Says she: "These apartments are ragged. They need to just tear 'em down. You can come around here at night and see all the rats. We haven't had any mailboxes the whole time I've been living here. We used to have to go to the post office to get the mail. Well, now the post office has been burned."

Oliver Andrew

"THEY BUST HIM"

"Mostly I just worked on cars during the trouble," says Oliver Andrew, 42, the owner of a small auto repair shop that stands on the eastern edge of Liberty City. Andrew says he did not feel that he was in great danger, at least not from fellow blacks, " 'cause I'm pretty well known in this neighborhood."

As the rioters rampaged across the street, the owner of a grocery store watched outside Andrew's shop. "After they busted into the liquor store next to his, he went inside to ask them not to set it on fire," says Andrew. "He was worried that the fire would spread to his store. After they left, he started boarding up the store so nobody could throw no fire inside. While he was there two National Guard drove up. They bust him 'side his head and pointed their guns at him, just like he was a looter." Although Andrew condemns the police action, he also criticizes his own people for their part in the violence. Says he: "We only speak up after something happens."

"TIMES ARE GOING TO GET HARDER"

Lamar Rushion, 21, watched neighbors take part in the riot but refused to join them. Says he: "My friends liked it. They really enjoyed it. They got something out of the looting like some car parts or some clothes. But how far is that going to take them? What are they going to do tomorrow?" Rushion is a high school dropout who works as a baker in downtown Miami and wants to go back to school to study photography. "This thing messed up the whole area," he says. "What little business we had is gone. So now where is everybody going to work?

Lamar Rushion

"Times were hard before and they're going to get harder. The man downtown is still going to sit behind his desk and make his money. He's gonna get paid and the ghetto still gonna be the ghetto."

"IT JUST BROKE MY HEART"

Alma Parks is a handsome woman of 40 who is a good advertisement for her beauty parlor. Early Sunday morning one of her customers called her at home to tell her that her shop had been ransacked by looters.

"It just broke my heart," says Parks. "I saved my money for three years to have my own business and work for myself." She rushed down to the shop to check on the damage. "I was really worried about the big hair dryer—that's the most expensive thing I've got." That was saved, but the business is in limbo because there are few buildings left in the area to house it.

Alma Parks

Fortunately for Parks, her husband, who is a Government employee, can support both of them. "I'll be all right," she says, "but my partner is the head of her household. You can't help from being angry. The looting didn't solve anything. I believe all of this didn't come just from McDuffie. It's just something that set off the anger that's been here a long time. It's a shame, just a shame."

"YOU GUYS HAD YOUR SHOT"

Marvin Dunn, 39, has achieved success by any standard. He has a Ph.D. in psychology, a comfortable home in Coconut Grove, a good job as a community psychologist, and he is running for a seat in the Florida state legislature. He was at home when he heard about trouble in Liberty City. "Ten minutes after I got there," he says, "I saw my first dead person. He was white. I saw other people lying in the street. One had his ear cut off, his tongue cut out and a rose stuck down his throat. I have kids, and I hope none of them ever have to see something like that in their lifetime."

He says that there is a big difference between Miami's latest disturbance and the riots of the '60s. "White people who got hurt or killed in the riots in '68 got hurt or killed because of a stray bullet or an individual confrontation. In this riot, black people who participated did so with the express desire to kill white people because of the outrageous insult of the McDuffie case."

Marvin Dunn

Also unlike 1968, there were no black leaders who could calm down the violence. Says Dunn: "Black people said to me out there Saturday night: 'You guys had your shot at this. We waited, let the system take its course. Now if you guys would step out of the way, we'll take care of it.' The tragedy of it is they're right."

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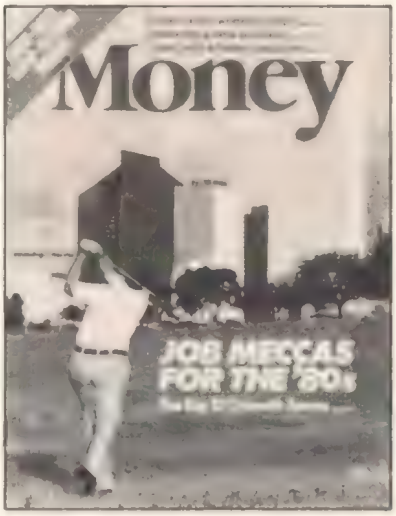

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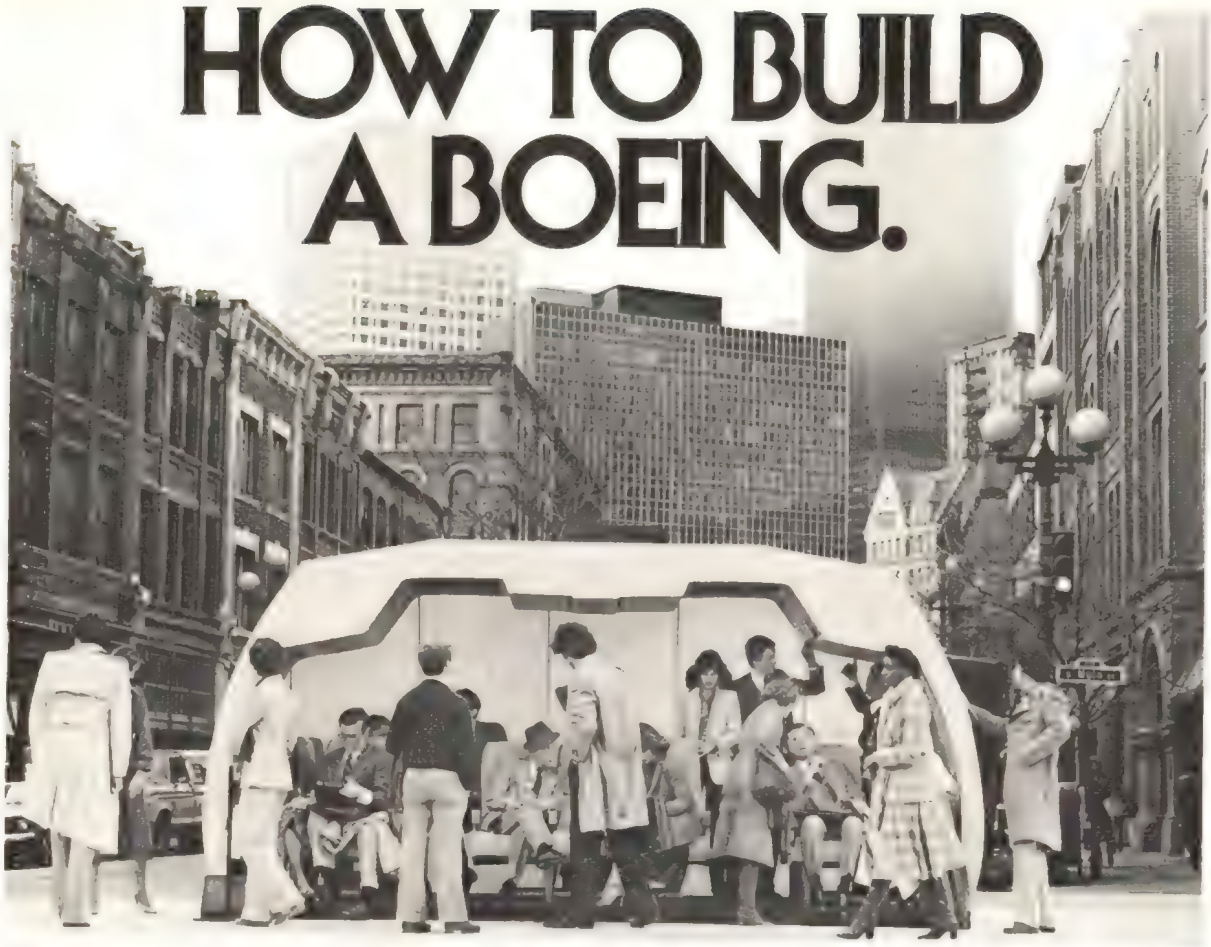

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Exodus Goes On

But Carter's curbs take effect

Still they keep coming. Standing in a long line on the sun-baked cement pier of the old submarine base at Key West, the Cubans look dazed, frightened, seasick, hungry. Having survived the hazardous voyage, they are waiting to get a medical checkup and ID cards, a cold drink and a cigarette. Several of them have dog bites, which they say they got from dogs turned loose on them by the Cuban police.

The two-month tide of refugees is hardly abating. Last week 18,000 arrived, and there are still some 500 American boats at the Cuban port of Mariel, held there by the Cuban authorities until they decide who should be piled aboard. The overcrowded craft are often ordered to depart at night now, making the 110-mile journey even more dangerous. The estimated death toll of refugees so far: at least 25. "Mother Nature has been kind to these people," said one Coast Guard officer. "Only good weather has prevented a real disaster."

The flotilla of ships heading for Mariel has nearly disappeared, however, thanks to President Carter's order two weeks ago setting up a 200-mile Coast Guard and naval blockade of the Florida Straits. U.S. Customs is seizing any vessel that brings back refugees.

More than 70,000 Cuban refugees have so far landed on U.S. soil, with thousands more still expected to arrive on the boats now at Mariel. Authorities opened a new refugee processing center last week at the military reservation in Indiantown Gap, Pa., to handle the spillover from Florida's Eglin Air Force Base and Arkansas' Fort Chaffee. By week's end the new camp held a capacity crowd of 20,000 and a fourth center, Camp McCoy near Sparta, Wis., opened its gates

Washington repeated its offer to send U.S. ships and airplanes to Cuba to pick up refugees if Castro agreed to let U.S. officials screen the would-be exiles. Havana rejected the proposal—but not outright. In a front-page editorial in the official newspaper *Granma*, Cuba expressed its willingness to discuss the "isolated" problem of the refugees if Washington agreed to talk about other issues such as the U.S. economic blockade and the U.S. Navy base at Guantánamo. The relatively mild language led Washington to believe that although Castro is not in any real trouble, he may have begun to realize that the exodus is making his tattered regime look like a dismal failure throughout Latin America. Says a senior Administration official: "The signals have gone from appearing berserk to showing some restraint. The question now is: Will the real Fidel Castro stand up?" ■

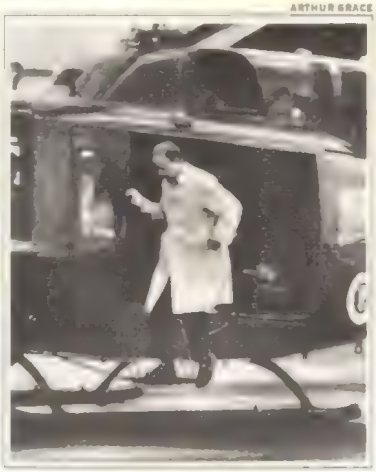
The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

"To See the Stars Again"

Jimmy Carter and his closest advisers gathered last Wednesday morning to take a look at the nation two months into spring. The man-made disaster in Miami was first on the agenda, a human tragedy that already had claimed much of the President's energy. Then they turned to nature's outburst on Mount St. Helens and realized, as Science Adviser Frank Press had said, "it was a scientific event of historic proportions." Something stirred inside Carter. He decided to fly west to show his concern for the people of Washington State, their cities and farms. He also was drawn by the continuing romance between Presidents and this remarkable land.

Next morning in his Huey helicopter, hovering over the volcanic aftermath, Carter was even more awed than he thought he would be. "The world has to see this," he said. "The power of nature."

Most Presidents have sensed the land's rhythms in one way or another. Thomas Jefferson was just about as intrigued by the unexplored vastness between him and the Pacific Ocean as he was by forming a government for the new republic. When he came to the White House the way west was fixed in his imagination. He called the area "terra incognita" and finally sent Lewis and Clark to take a look. Jefferson understood that its hugeness, its richness, was to be the basis of American greatness. It still is, and that is the same force that touched Carter.



ARTHUR GRACE

Carter lands at Kelso, Wash.

In the early years, taming and exploiting the natural wealth was the task. As we have crowded the country and used up its gifts, the problems are those of preservation and protection. Still, the scent of the land is strong in the White House.

Teddy Roosevelt could feel the primal forces. He was drawn west as a young man, captivated, as Edmund Morris writes, by "the sheer immensity of America ... For the rest of his life 'big' was to be one of his favorite words." His lonely confrontation with the West was to shape his ideas of power and leadership in the presidency

Franklin Roosevelt possessed a gentleman farmer's scholarly and poetic approach to land and growing things. He studied conservation, raised Christmas trees. When yellow grit from Nebraska sifted through the White House doors during the Dust Bowl years, F.D.R. became an avid student of the causes of the drought and possible defenses against the blowing topsoil. Lyndon Johnson used to tell how he won Roosevelt's approval for a dam on the lower Colorado River by enticing the President with pictures of various other dams, a subject dear to Roosevelt's heart.

One of the events of Hubert Humphrey's life that drew him toward politics and Washington occurred in 1936 when some Department of Agriculture experts showed up at Doland, S. Dak., to plant scraggly pine trees that were to be part of a shelter belt from Canada to the Gulf, designed to slow down the remorseless prairie wind. As Hubert used to recall, the trees quickly died in the 100° heat but the act showed "that somebody back there cared."

Floods and hurricanes have been the concerns of all Presidents. But most of them also needed some tranquil moments with nature. Johnson would abruptly stamp his feet on the White House drive, look glumly at the gray Washington skies and fly off to his Texas ranch, declaring "I've got to see the stars again." Down there he would walk beside his small river, the Pedernales, and explain, "To a rancher, running water is the prettiest sound God ever made."

Just a few weeks before he was killed, John Kennedy saw the Grand Tetons for the first time. He stood and watched the light fade on the spectacular peaks, remarking to those around him how profoundly he was moved by such grandeur, so different from his home on Cape Cod.

Historian Dumas Malone has been worried in recent years that the farther Americans remove themselves from the land, both its beautiful and brutal overtures, the less able we will be to survive our modern challenges. Perhaps Mount St. Helens was reminding us.

How Anderson Changes the Race

A TIME *poll shows people want him to run, even if he loses*

For some of the contenders, the campaign of 1980 was a multimillion-dollar enterprise that consumed as much as two years of their lives. For others it was a brief and quixotic fling. Now, with the seemingly endless set of primaries concluding next week, America's increasingly bizarre process for sorting out its presidential candidates is all but over.

President Jimmy Carter's crushing defeat of Senator Edward Kennedy in last week's Oregon primary put him within easy reach of the majority of delegates necessary for his renomination. Carter has already started planning his fall campaign, and last week began looking for ways to get the support of disappointed Kennedy backers. Declared Carter: "It is time to pull the Democratic Party together and to be generous in victory."

Republican Ronald Reagan, despite a lopsided loss to Challenger George Bush in Michigan, won easily in Oregon and was by many counts already in control of more than half of the Republican convention delegates. Said he: "There is a smell of roses in the air. We'd better start planning for the convention and beyond."

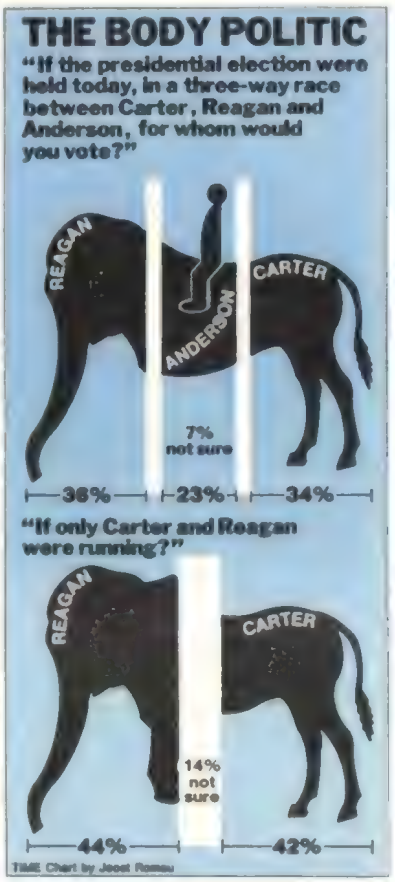
The Third Man, Independent John Anderson, continued his state-by-state efforts to petition his way onto the presidential ballot. His attorneys last week filed suit in Ohio and West Virginia, where they contend that early deadlines or unreasonable requirements deny Anderson access to the ballot. Anderson, buoyed by the fact that he has managed to get onto every state's ballot where deadlines came after his April 24 entry as an independent, said he no longer had any doubts about continuing in the race. "I'm going ahead, and my supporters can feel confident of that."

Thus Campaign 1980 heads into a new and critical phase that at the moment promises a close contest for the presidency. According to the latest national public opinion survey conducted for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc., none of the three candidates commands a large, devoted following. All three have major handicaps and vulnerabilities.

The survey, conducted among 1,221 registered voters from May 14 to 16,* showed a near standoff between Reagan and Carter, with Anderson still trailing. The percentage figures were Reagan 36, Carter 34, Anderson 23. Since TIME's last survey, in late March, Anderson's total had risen slightly.

With Anderson not included in a presidential runoff, Reagan still leads Carter by the sliver-thin margin of two percentage points, 44 to 42. This means that today Anderson's independent candidacy draws support from both major party candidates in about equal amounts.

Although Anderson still trails both the President and Reagan in the three-way contest by a sizable margin, he has noteworthy areas of strength. Among voters identifying themselves as independents, Anderson actually leads in the race, edging out Reagan 35% to 34%. Carter trails with this group at 23%. At the same time, Reagan and Carter continue to command the support of their own party members, with Anderson making only minor inroads.



Among all voters in the Northeast, Anderson finishes a close second to Carter (30% to 32%), with Reagan third, only a point behind Anderson. This suggests that the Northeast could be pivotal in the fall election. In the West, often regarded as a Reagan stronghold, the three candidates are also grouped quite closely. Reagan leads with 35%, Anderson is second with 30%, Carter is third with 29%. Reagan appears strongest in the Midwest, and Carter still holds a narrow lead in his native South. Anderson does poorly in both regions and also has little support among blue-collar workers, older voters, blacks and other minority groups.

At this stage of the campaign, however, even this support is subject to quick change. When asked how firmly committed they are to their first choice for President, only 31% of those surveyed say they are "very committed." Fully 30% say they are "not that committed." And when asked who among the three candidates would be their second choice, more voters (31%) choose Anderson than either Carter or Reagan. Among both Democrats and Republicans, about one-third name Anderson as a second choice. That puts him in a good position to pick up disaffected party loyalists who are not attracted by the other party's standard-bearer.

Yet Anderson faces enormous skepticism about the success of his efforts as a presidential candidate. Asked who will actually be the next President, 52% say they expect Carter to be re-elected, while only 30% predict a Reagan victory. Only 1% say Anderson will win. Asked for their reaction to the statement "You don't take Anderson's campaign too seriously, and he doesn't stand a chance of being elected," 59% say they agree. At the same time, only 23% of his supporters say they are strongly committed to him.

No less than 55% continue to express unhappiness with a choice between Reagan and Carter as the nominees of the two major parties. And 64% say they agree with the proposition "You welcome John Anderson's decision to run as an independent, and you think it is good for the country."

Much of the success of Reagan's candidacy will hinge on his choice of a vice-presidential running mate. The Yankelovich survey reveals that the first choice for that slot is George Bush. He is favored by 38% of all voters, while Tennessee Senator Howard Baker runs second, with 24%. Bush leads among all groups, Democrats, Republicans and Independents, and in all regions of the country, including the South.

All the men who are seeking the presidency will be confronted by a corrosive and unhappy public mood that will plague their candidacies. Four out of every five people interviewed continue to say that the country is in "deep and serious trouble." And the array of presidential candidates seems to offer little hope to the electorate. Asked which candidate personally interested or excited them, only 12% of the voters answer this revealing question by saying Reagan, 10% say Anderson, 8% say Kennedy, 6% say Bush, 6% say Carter. The final verdict on which presidential contenders excite Americans: 45% answer "none." ■

*The sampling error in the telephone survey is plus or minus 3%; the error factor for comparing current results with those of past surveys is 4.5%.

Fading challenger Bush in Cleveland

Triumphant Reagan in Santa Barbara

"Money Is So Hard to Get"

In a moment of victory, Bush heads for defeat

"Big Mo," he had called it, meaning momentum, that mysteriously intangible element that sometimes knocks aside all facts and logic as it sweeps a man on toward victory. George Bush had it once, last fall, when he startled the political world by defeating Ronald Reagan in Iowa caucuses and becoming temporarily the front runner in the race for the Republican presidential nomination. Last week Bush beat Reagan again, and in the important state of Michigan. He won the popular vote in the primary by 57% to 32%, and collected 53 of the state's 82 convention delegates. But it meant nothing, for Big Mo had long since vanished.

For a time, Bush was perky as usual. "I hope we haven't peaked too soon," he jested of his fading candidacy. He tried to telephone his mother at almost midnight to tell her of his primary victory, and when he learned that she had gone to sleep, he remarked, "She ought to be out raising money." He still cherished hopes for a last-minute comeback in the June 3 primaries, which will rake in 428 delegates from California, Ohio, New Jersey and six other states. Said he: "We have 48 hours for euphoria."

In less than 48 hours the euphoria was gone, for instead of emphasizing Bush's Michigan victory, the TV networks and the press naturally put their main emphasis on the fact that Reagan's victory in Oregon last week virtually assured him of the 998 delegates needed for nomination (Bush has 266). Michigan's primary was indeed not of major significance: most voters considered the race all but over, and only 11% cast ballots. But Bush was a trifle bitter at the network treatment. Said he: "If this kind of thing keeps up, by 1984 Howard Cosell will be deciding the nomination on a commercial break on the *Laverne and Shirley* show."

The truth was that Bush's closing strategy depended on a last-minute TV blitz in Reagan's own California, and that in turn depended on Bush's being able to raise $500,000 this month, and that possibility was rapidly disappearing. Said Bush two days after the Michigan vote: "Money is so hard to get when you have mournful predictions from others that it is all over." By then he had already arrived in New Jersey for what was to be a three-day campaign swing, but he canceled that, canceled all plans for California, and flew home to Houston to decide on his future course. Ex-President Gerald Ford offered a faint wisp of help, telling a press conference that Bush had done well in the industrial states where "Governor Reagan could have some difficulty." But though Bush might prolong his campaign, the indications were that his candidacy was about over.

What went wrong? Many things. Though Bush had broad experience as a former Congressman, ambassador and CIA director, his surprise victory in Iowa caught him somewhat unprepared for the national spotlight, and he failed to develop any issues. Then came the freakish controversy in Nashua, N.H., where Reagan skillfully made it seem that Bush was unwilling to join in debating the other Republican candidates. Bush hoped to make a comeback in Illinois, but there he was edged by the campaign's new celebrity John Anderson. Bush never really recovered, never found an issue that would catch on, never wounded Reagan with any personal attacks. He could be seen, finally, as a decent, likable man but not a political power. Of such perceptions, some would say, are excellent running mates made. ■

Nein on Nine?

California's tax revolt ebbs

Voters in California led the national revolt against high taxes two years ago by overwhelmingly passing Proposition 13, which slashed property levies in the state by an average of 57%. The vote made something of a folk hero out of Proposition 13's co-author, salty septuagenarian Howard Jarvis. Now Jarvis has written Proposition 9, which would cut state income-tax rates in half, and succeeded in placing it on California ballots for a vote next Tuesday. But this time he seems likely to demonstrate only that anti-tax sentiment has its limits, even in the Golden State. A leading California poll showed last week that voters oppose Proposition 9 by 57% to 31%.

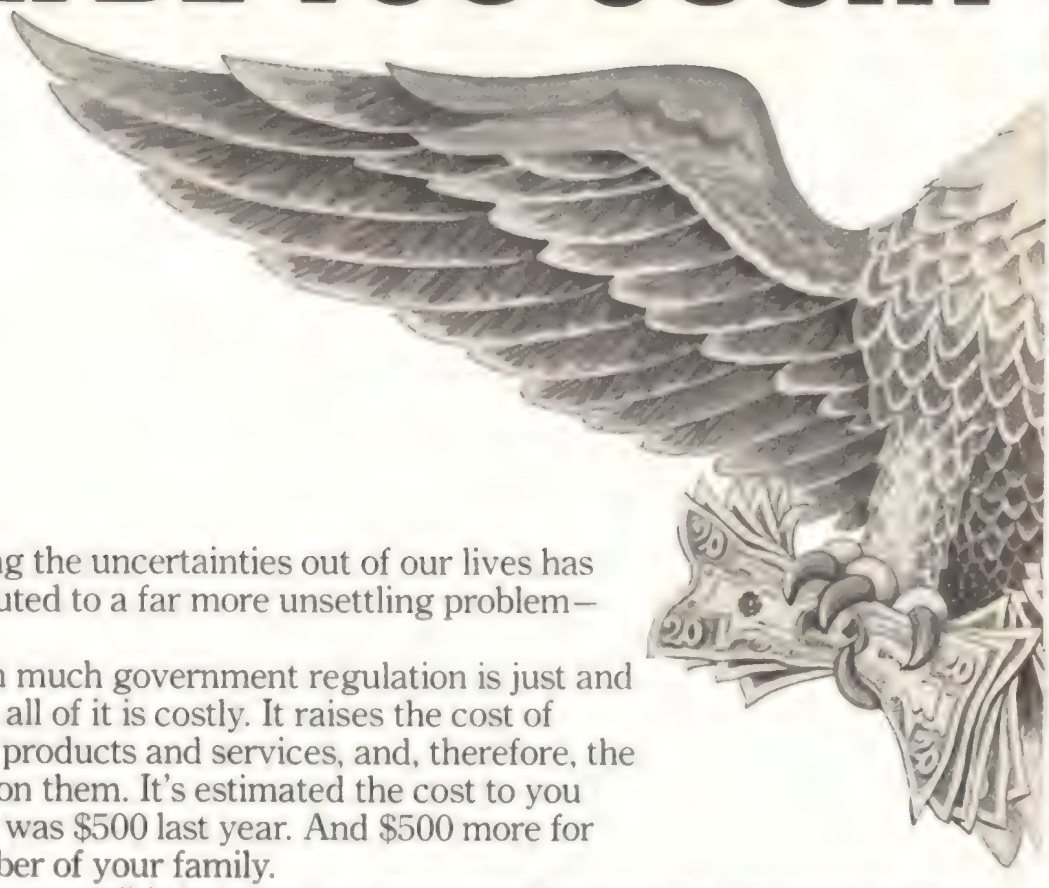
One reason is that voters now seem to be heeding warnings by public officials that another deep reduction in taxes would endanger vital government services, such as education and police and fire protection. Similar gloomy prophecies proved spectacularly wrong after Proposition 13 passed in 1978. But the state had a $5 billion surplus then, most of which it made available to the city and county governments dependent on property taxes to soften the impact of Proposition 13. Now the state's surplus is down to about $2.6 billion. Opponents of Proposition 9 argue that by slashing income tax revenues $4.9 billion next fiscal year, the measure would wipe out the surplus altogether and leave the state unable to continue bailing out local governments.

Jarvis' foes also maintain that cutting income taxes in half would benefit the rich far more than middle- and low-income people. Says Roland Vincent, a Los Angeles investment counselor and a leading opponent of Proposition 9: "About $3 billion in tax relief would go to about 10% of the wealthiest taxpayers in the state." His opinion seems widespread: a Los Angeles *Times* poll indicates that 37% of the voters who approved Proposition 13 will vote against Proposition 9.

In addition, Jarvis has undermined his own cause with wild outbursts of name-calling. He has accused his opponents of "monumental lies" and called the county of San Luis Obispo, where there is strong opposition to the initiative, "the dumbest, crookedest bunch." On one occasion he shouted at a woman heckler: "You should go to Nevada to one of the houses they have there," meaning Nevada's legal brothels. Such extravagant abuse apparently has caused many voters, who admired Jarvis as engagingly feisty two years ago, to write him off now as a vulgar demagogue. ■

Protester Jarvis

BEFORE YOU COUNT OF GOVERNMENT MAYBE YOU OUGHT



Regulating the uncertainties out of our lives has contributed to a far more unsettling problem—inflation.

Though much government regulation is just and necessary, all of it is costly. It raises the cost of producing products and services, and, therefore, the price tags on them. It's estimated the cost to you personally was $500 last year. And $500 more for each member of your family.

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Vote now. Mail your ballot today. Because the news proves every day that, in the fight against inflation, time is not on our side.

☐ I VOTE TO SELF-CONTROL INFLATION.
I recognize and accept my personal responsibility. I will support government regulation only when the social benefit justifies the cost.

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COVER STORY

"God, I Want to Live!"

Mount St. Helens explodes, spreading death and destruction in the Cascades

"Vancouver, Vancouver, this is it!" The frantic warning was radioed at precisely 8:31 a.m. on that fateful Sunday by Volcano Expert David Johnston, 30, who had climbed to a monitoring site five miles from Washington State's Mount St. Helens in the snow-capped Cascade Range, 40 miles northeast of Portland, Ore. He wanted to peer through binoculars at an ominous bulge building up below the crater, which had been rumbling and steaming for eight weeks, and report his observations to the U.S. Geological Survey center in Vancouver, Wash.

Seconds after his shouted message, a stupendous explosion of trapped gases, generating about 500 times the force of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, blew the entire top off Mount St. Helens. In a single burst St. Helens was transformed from a postcard-symmetrical cone 9,677 ft. high to an ugly flattop 1,300 ft. lower. Clouds of hot ash made up of pulverized rock were belched twelve miles into the sky. Giant mud slides, composed of melted snow mixed with ash and propelled by waves of superheated gas erupting out of the crater, rumbled down the slopes and crashed through valleys, leaving millions of trees knocked down in rows, as though a giant had been playing pick-up sticks.

At the moment of the explosion David Crockett, 28, a photographer for KOMO-TV in Seattle, stood on a logging road at the base of the mountain. He heard a huge roar and looked up to see a wall of mud rushing toward him. Because of the terrain, the flood divided into two streams that passed on either side of him. Seeking desperately for a way out, Crockett kept moving along the road, speaking into his sound camera to record his impressions of the scene. Said he: "I am walking toward the only light I can see. I can hear the mountain rumble. At this very moment I have to say, 'Honest to God, I believe I am dead.' The ash in my eyes burns my eyes, burns my eyes! Oh dear God, this is hell! It's very, very hard to breathe and very dark. If I could only breathe air. God, just give me a breath! I will try the radio. Mayday! Mayday! Ash is coming down on me heavily. It's either dark or I am dead. God, I want to live!"

Crockett did live; a rescue helicopter plucked him off the mountain ten hours later. But Johnston was never heard from again. His campsite was strewn with boulders, broken tree trunks and ash with the consistency of wet cement. By week's end at least 18 people were known to have died in the eruption; at least 71 were reported missing and feared dead. Among them was Harry Truman, a crusty 84-year-old who lived with 16 cats at a recreation lodge near Spirit Lake, about five miles north of the peak. He had refused to leave weeks ago, he had told national television audiences, because, he said, "no one knows more about this mountain than Harry, and it don't dare blow up on him."

WELDEN DOLGOFF—REPORTAGE

The cloud of ash, as seen from 30 miles away, billowing into the sky

A blast packing 500 times the punch of the bomb at Hiroshima.

Harry was last seen on Saturday evening, watering his lawn. Today the site of his camp is a steaming mass of mud and water.

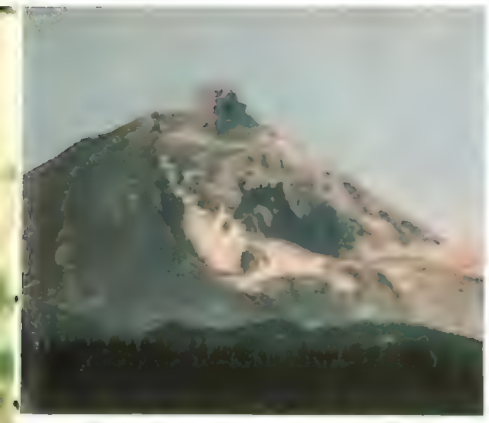
Air Force and Army National Guard helicopters lifted 130 survivors to safety. Officials doubted that this count would go up; the last person found alive on the mountain was flown out on Tuesday. By Red Cross count, mud slides destroyed 123 homes in the town of Toutle and its surrounding area, along with bridges, roads and all other signs of human habitation.

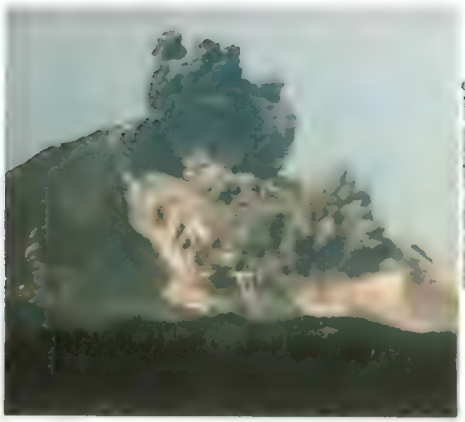
The eruption of Mount St. Helens, which began in a minor way on March 27, was the first in the continental U.S. since the Cascades' Mount Lassen, 400 miles to the south, spit up a shower of mud and stones in 1914. Had last week's explosion occurred in a heavily populated area, the loss of life would have been awesome. Geologists estimated that St. Helens spewed out about 1.5 cubic miles of debris, a blast on about the same order of magnitude as the one in A.D. 79 from Italy's Vesuvius, which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum with ash and mud.

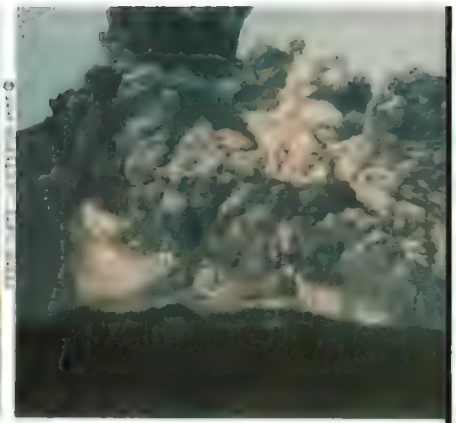
As it was, the eruption blew down 150 sq. mi. of timber worth about $200 million, caused an estimated $222 million in damage to wheat, alfalfa and other crops as far east as Missoula, Mont., and buried 5,900 miles of roads under ash. Clearing them could cost another $200 million. The blast created a 20-mile log jam along the Columbia River that blocked shipping between Longview, Wash., and Astoria, Ore. Volcanic mud carried by the river choked the harbor of Portland. Officials estimated that the ports would lose $5 million a day until dredges could clear a new channel through the silt, which in some places reduced the depth of the harbor from 40 ft. to 14 ft. Not all the long-range effects of the blast, particularly to the region's ecological balance, can yet be calculated. For example, the eruption killed a million fingerlings (baby fish) in a hatchery at Toutle, and there were fears that ash on the leaves of plants would interfere with photosynthesis, the process by which plants turn sunlight into nutrients.

As winds carried the eruption's debris northeast from the shattered mountain, thick layers of ash, looking like dirty snow, fell on eastern Washington. Yakima, a town of 50,000 located 85 miles east of the volcano, experienced midnight at noon. The mining and ranching communities of the Idaho panhandle and western Montana turned into ghostly towns in which nobody could move about the dust-choked streets without surgical masks or some substitute: handkerchiefs, bandanas, even coffee filters strapped over nose and mouth with rubber bands. Schools, factories and most stores and offices closed. Highways were closed and airports were shut down because of near zero visibility, stranding thousands of frightened travelers. Mail deliveries were halted. Electricity was curtailed until workers could clean ash from generators.

Closer to the mountain, the eruption blasted twelve miles of the once pristine north fork of the Toutle River into a lifeless moonscape. Herds of black-tailed deer, bobcats and cougars used to swarm through the valley's hemlock and Douglas fir; elk still wandered in hopeless confusion through the ashen desolation. The river and its source, Spirit Lake, once teemed with steelhead trout and Chinook salmon. All







Above: the eruption as captured on film by an amateur photographer; below: logs strewn like pick-up sticks on the northwest slope

The south fork of the Toutle River, choked by a mud slide

Remains of a bridge that once spanned the river downstream from the volcano

Logs and debris from a former forest filling the river

were destroyed by the eruption. TIME Correspondent Paul Witteman was one of the first journalists to see the area by helicopter after the blast. His report:

"The Huey chopper, piloted by National Guard Captain Harold Ward, went up the south fork of the Toutle, which had turned into a caramel ribbon, toward the peak, still shrouded in clouds of steam and ash. The mocha-colored terrain appeared otherworldly, a madly undulating landscape. The trees looked as if they had been strewn across the foothills by a careless child. As we passed over Baker Camp, a logging base, we spotted a pickup truck, a dead child lying face upward in the back. Ward swung the Huey over a huge mudhole that had once been Spirit Lake, a body of water so clear that it mirrored St. Helens like a reflecting pool, then did slow loops around another pickup truck on a nearby ridge. The truck's passenger must have had a perfect view of the terrifying blast. Seconds later, both passenger and driver were dead, probably from the heat and poisonous gas. As the Huey made another pass, the peak spouted ash 14,000 ft. into the atmosphere, a mini-replay of Sunday's monster explosion."

Within four days the worst was over —maybe. The dust had settled in the heavy-fallout area, roughly from the ruptured peak to as far east as Montana. Fine ash particles, mostly glasslike silica, had spread in a gigantic, banana-shaped arc in the stratosphere across the nation and will slowly dissipate into invisible clouds after blowing round the world several times. Outside the Northwestern U.S., people will probably notice nothing more than some spectacularly colorful dawns and sunsets over the next several months.

But there was a possibility of another natural disaster. A 200-ft. wall of mud and ash from the volcano prevented the waters of Spirit Lake from flowing into the Toutle River. Local officials feared at first that the dam might suddenly give way, sending backed-up water and mud flooding through the riverbank towns of Longview, Kelso and Castle Rock, menacing the lives of 50,000 people. By the weekend, however, water was slowly seeping through the mud-and-ash plug, and pressure on the dam had eased.

At the same time, there were further rumblings from Mount St. Helens, indicating that molten rock was once again moving inside the mountain. Geologists hoped that the monstrous blast had vented sufficient gas to prevent another major eruption. But they simply do not know enough about volcanoes to make any firm predictions.

Four days after the blast, President Carter decided to inspect the devastated area. After a night in Portland, he climbed into the first of a flotilla of eight helicopters, packed with Cabinet officers, Senators, Congressmen and local government officials, including Governors Dixy Lee Ray of Washington and John Evans of Idaho. From the air Carter could not see the still-smoking peak of Mount St. Hel-

Steam from hot debris in the flooded river envelops a road and bridge that somehow survived the explosion

A bus, a house, and a trailer that was toppled by a mudslide

Mud and logs surrounding homes along the Cowlitz River

ens. It was hidden by rain clouds. But as his chopper flew at treetop level, he was astonished by the colorless landscape

After his 1-hr. 15-min. tour, Carter excitedly told reporters: "The moon looks like a golf course compared to what's up there." At a meeting with townspeople in Vancouver, the President was being briefed by experts on the economic damage of the eruption when Governor Ray interrupted. "This is all very interesting," she said, "but the top priority is people." Replied Carter: "What do you need specifically?" Ray spelled out her answer: "M-O-N-E-Y." In fact, before leaving Washington, D.C., Carter had declared the mountain's vicinity a federal disaster area, making residents eligible for low-interest federal loans to rebuild their shattered houses and businesses. In addition, he rather oddly suggested that residents might eventually make some money from the catastrophe. Said he: "People will come from all over the world to observe the impressiveness of the force of nature. I would say it would be, if you'll excuse the expression, a tourist attraction that would equal the Grand Canyon."

Mount St. Helens is something of a baby among volcanoes. It was born a mere 37,000 years ago, which is scarcely more than an instant in geological time. The mountain last erupted in 1857, when the area was an uninhabited wilderness. Last week's blowup ranked as middling, as volcanic eruptions go. But the people who stumbled off St. Helens' slopes, or were plucked to safety by helicopters, told tales that rivaled wartime survivor stories

If the blast had occurred 24 hours later, it could have wiped out a crew of some 200 Weyerhaeuser Co. loggers who were to begin felling trees at 7:30 a.m. Monday. Many of the loggers lived with their families near the north fork of the Toutle River. Logger George Fickett was at home when the mountain erupted. Said he: "I heard the goldangest noise, like someone upending a bunch of barrels down the road. There was a roar, like a jet plane approaching, and a lot of snapping and popping. Those were the trees We got out fast."

On the mountain were several geologists, hikers and campers. Those that rose with the sun reported that the morning was exceptionally quiet; no birds sang Oddly enough, when the mountain blew, many of the survivors never heard the explosion, perhaps because concussive waves can travel faster than sound; by the time the sound reached them, they were too shaken to notice it.

Bruce Nelson and Sue Ruff, from nearby Kelso, had pitched tents at the Green River campground with four young friends. On Saturday they hiked through what Ruff called "an enchanted forest of moss and pine" and then set up tents 30 miles from the peak. On Sunday Nelson, Ruff and Terry Crail were beginning morning chores when they felt a searing wind. Recalled Nelson: "We were just cooking breakfast when my buddy said,

Mud lines on trees showing the high-water mark of the flood along the river

Body of a child who was probably killed by heat and gas near Camp Baker

Ash-covered car in Ellenburg, Wash., 95 miles from the crater

'Oh my God, the mountain blew!' " Ruff added, "We saw this thick yellow-and-black cloud rushing toward us. I remember thinking, 'I should take a picture of it.' Then I thought we'd better hide."

Crall raced into a tent to wake Karen Varner, and Nelson wrapped his arms around Ruff as trees fell around them and hot ash rained down. Said Nelson: "We were buried. Then Sue and I started digging our way out of the ash, which was so hot that it burned our hands. Our mouths were full of mud. I told Sue we were going to die, and she said, 'Nonsense.' " As they crawled out from under the trees and ash, they began to gag from the gases in the air and had to cover their mouths with their sweatshirts; stones hailed down and raised bumps on their heads.

When at last the darkness began to lift, Nelson and Ruff began looking for their friends. They saw nothing but ashes and logs where Varner's tent had been; she and Crall later were found dead. The two other members of the camping group, Dan Balch and Brian Thomas, were alive —barely. Burned skin hung loose from Balch's shoulders to his hands, and he was in shock. He was unable to walk. Thomas, wearing only the longjohn bottoms in which he had been sleeping, was lying dazed under a log. Nelson and Ruff hauled him out, helped him walk to an old mine shack nearby and built over the entrance a barricade of logs to protect their friend from any further ash falls.

Then Nelson and Ruff began what turned into a 15-mile, ten-hour trek away from the mountain, over what Nelson calls a "white-hot desert" of ash. They soon joined up with a 60-year-old man. The three kept up their spirits by singing bawdy songs. In late afternoon they heard helicopters overhead and waved some of their clothes to stir up a dust cloud large enough to attract the pilot's attention. They were rescued, and choppers soon carried out Balch and Thomas as well.

Roald Reitan, 19, and his friend Venus Dergen, 20, of Tacoma, Wash., had been camping next to a good fishing hole in the Toutle River, about 23 miles

downstream from Spirit Lake. They were awakened by a rumbling noise from the river, which was covered by felled trees. The pair ran to Reitan's car, but water from the rising river poured over the road, preventing them from driving away. Then a tide of mud crashed through the forest toward the car. Reitan and Dergen climbed to the roof of the car. That got them above the mud, but only momentarily. The mud slide toppled the car over the bank and into the river.

Reitan and Dergen leaped off the roof and fell into the river, by now a boiling mass of logs, mud, pieces of a collapsed train trestle and what Reitan described as "hot bath water." Said he: "I thought we had had it. Venus was stuck between logs, and disappeared several times. I kept climbing over logs to reach her. We were lucky that the logs opened up and I could pull her out." The two were carried about a mile down the river before a family of campers spotted them and heard Reitan calling for help. It took the rescuers about 45 minutes to crawl across the mud and logs and pull Reitan and Dergen to safety.

Mike Moore of Castle Rock, Wash., his wife Lu and their two daughters, four-year-old Bonnielu and three-month-old Terra Dawn, were on a hike along the Green River trail, about 13 miles north of Mount St. Helens, when the volcano erupted. "The sky turned as black as I've ever seen, and ash and pumice fell on us like black rain," said Lu Moore. "Then the air pressure changed, and our ears went pop, pop, pop."

The family scrambled into a nearby shack, waited two hours and emerged to find themselves in a wasteland of ash and fallen trees. They started off to find their car, but the trail had been obliterated, and they had no idea where to look. So they pitched a tent and settled in for what turned out to be a 30-hour wait, munching on survival rations from their packs and sleeping on the ash. Around noon on Monday, an Air Force helicopter pilot spotted them. Said the pilot, Sgt. Earl Edwards: "The area they were in looked like somebody had dropped the Bomb. I was shocked to see anybody there alive."

Farther away from the mountain, Northwesterners who were never in any danger heard what many at first thought were sonic booms and then saw a spectacular—and frightening—drama in the sky. Said Harvey Olander, a retired geologist who now cultivates a 40-acre apple orchard outside Yakima: "I was working on an irrigation ditch. The sky got dark, and I thought we had a hailstorm coming. Then it got deathly still, and all you could see through the darkness was the purple-pink glow of sheet lightning." Said Chuck Taylor, a reporter for the *Tri-City Herald* in Pasco, Wash., who was at the Hanford nuclear complex 140 miles from St. Helens: "It looked exactly like a tornado bearing down."

In Spokane, Wash., Jean Penna, 32, a corporate assistant at the Sheraton-Spokane Hotel, was driving to Seattle when she decided to stop first at her mother's home a few blocks from her own. Said she: "In the time it took me to get from my apartment to my mother's house, it went black. All of a sudden this powder began to fall, just like snow. It was 75 degrees outside and pitch black." When she left her apartment complex, she said, several of her friends were sunbathing. "You've got people out there sunbathing," she marveled, "and the sky starts falling."

For all the devastation, however, the long-range effects—if St. Helens does not explode again—are likely to be less drastic than was at first feared. Great though its force was, the explosion was not so powerful as many volcanic eruptions of the past, nor did it spill out gases as noxious as those released by the more famous killer eruptions of history. Scientists predicted that St. Helens will cause little long-range damage to human health and the world's climate.

People exposed to the dust, even hundreds of miles away, suffered temporary discomfort: dry and itchy noses, throats and eyes. Reported a resident of Missoula: "I feel like someone popped my eyeballs out and rolled them around in a sandbox." But most of the ash particles were too large to lodge in human lungs and permanently scar them. Moreover, the dust did not stay in the air long enough to cause silicosis, which is a lung disease that miners, masonry workers, sandblasters and toilers in similar occupations get from breathing dust-laden air over long periods of time.

The volcano is also producing fallout, literally. Geologists noted that Mount St. Helens is venting radioactive radon gas in greater quantities than any "hot" discharge from Pennsylvania's crippled Three Mile Island nuclear plant. Fortunately the gas has a short half-life (3.8 days) and quickly climbs high into the sky before it can affect people.

Volcanic dust in the upper atmosphere reflects sunlight away from the earth and lowers temperatures. The cloud released by the eruption of Mount Tambora in Indonesia was so dense that it made 1816 in much of the U.S. "the year without a summer." Nothing comparable is likely to happen because of Mount St. Helens. Meteorologists estimate that its cloud of ash will reduce world temperatures by only a tiny fraction of a degree Fahrenheit—a deviation that will be too slight for people to notice.

The economic effects will be somewhat greater, but not catastrophic. Though trees worth at least $1 billion were flattened—including 4% of Weyerhaeuser's total timberlands—executives expect to salvage about 80% of the logs by sawing those not badly scorched into usable lumber. Sportsmen who venture into what

Since Vesuvius

"There was a fearful black cloud riven by darting tongues of flame, which then dissolved into long plumes of fire. We could hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children. Most were convinced that this must be the end of the world." So wrote Pliny the Younger of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in A.D. 79, the most famous volcanic explosion in history. The blast buried the Roman towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii under mud and hot ash and killed at least 2,000. In more modern times there have been several catastrophic eruptions of volcanoes. Among them:

1669: Mount Etna, a long-active peak in Sicily, spewed a river of lava that poured through the streets of Catania. Some 20,000 perished in Catania and 13 other cities and towns.

1783: Mount Skaptar erupted in Iceland, filling a valley with lava up to 75 ft. deep. The blast's devastating effects on farming and fishing caused a famine that killed 10,000 (one-fifth of the country's population) and destroyed most of the island's livestock.

1815: Mount Tambora on Indonesia's Sumbawa Island exploded, ejecting 25 cu. mi. of volcanic material, the greatest amount since ancient times. Whirlwinds and tidal waves killed 12,000, while dust and ash plunged the island into darkness for three days.

1883: Krakatoa, a volcanic island in Indonesia, blew apart in modern history's most devastating eruption. The bang could be heard 3,000 miles away. The eruption left a hole in the ocean floor more than 1,100 ft. deep and 6½ miles wide; islands 50 miles away were showered with fiery boulders weighing as much as 70 lbs. The explosion caused 130-ft. tidal waves that swept over hundreds of villages on nearby islands, including Java and Sumatra, and drowned 36,000.

1902: Mount Pelée, a long-dormant volcano on the island of Martinique, exploded, sending a huge cloud of dust, steam and gas, believed to be as hot as 1,800° F over the town of Saint-Pierre. Within minutes the town was a smoldering ruin, and 29,933 inhabitants were dead. Only four residents are known to have survived, including a convicted murderer who was imprisoned in a dungeon cell.

1912: Mount Katmai, in Alaska's remote Aleutian Range, belched a 15-mile flood of lava. There were no known fatalities, but it was the largest blast in North American history—ten times the magnitude of the one at Mount St. Helens. ■

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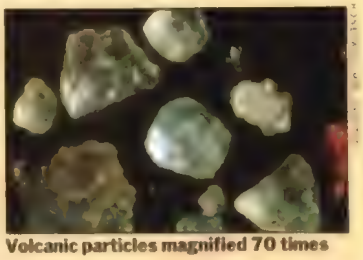
Windows into the Restless Earth

From the moment Mount St. Helens began acting up, dozens of scientists flocked to its flanks to plant instruments and set up observation posts. Indeed, until last week's eruption, the scientists hovered over the mountain almost as intently as parents do over a precocious child. Geologists even flew directly over the fuming crater. Why the seemingly foolhardy curiosity, which almost surely cost the lives of three investigators? Explains one researcher: "Volcanoes are windows through which the scientist looks into the bowels of the earth."

These windows have lately been providing a fascinating view. From studies of the rock, gas, steam and ash belched from the earth, scientists have gained new knowledge about how minerals are formed, where promising geothermal resources may be located, even how the inner churnings of the earth are altering its surface. Not the least of the benefits is that the investigations can hone the skills of volcanologists in predicting future eruptions.

According to current scientific evidence, volcanoes seem to act as escape valves for heat—apparently from the decay of radioactive materials—that has been building up within the earth since its birth billions of years ago. The earth's surface once bubbled with thousands of volcanoes. Their vapors formed the first atmosphere—a noxious brew of hydrogen, methane, ammonia and water—and set the stage for the initial stirrings of life. Moreover, as scientists look into space, they are finding that volcanism helped shape the moon, Mars, Venus and smaller bodies, like the Jovian moon Io. Says Volcanologist Martin Prinz of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City: "I can't imagine an earthlike planet without volcanic activity."



Volcanic particles magnified 70 times

Today there are some 600 active volcanoes on the earth's surface. Many of them, including Mount St. Helens and other volcanoes of the American Northwest, rim the Pacific along the so-called Ring of Fire, which sweeps from the tip of South America north to the Aleutians and Japan, down to New Zealand. More are hidden under the sea. The ancients were convinced that eruptions occurred because of the anger of the gods; today's scientists have a more modern theory. It is generally believed that the giant, continent-size plates forming the earth's outer shell crunch together in certain places, such as along the Ring of Fire. One plate slips under the other, heats up and begins to melt. This molten material, or magma, is lighter than neighboring rock and slowly rises, often triggering earth tremors. Eventually the magma may break through the surface as lava. In some cases, like that of Mount St. Helens, the magma remains in pools under the mountain, but still releases enough heat to cause explosive ejections of steam, fumes and ashes. The mountain literally blows its top. Eruptions may also occur where the plates tear apart. One such place is the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, site of Iceland's volcanoes. Finally, there are volcanoes, like those of the Hawaiian Islands, that form far from plate boundaries. One theory is that permanent "hot spots" lie under these areas, deep inside the earth's mantle.

Though volcanoes can kill—eruptions have cost more than 100,000 lives in the past two centuries—they have a kindlier side as well. Some of the world's most fertile soil, like that on the Indonesian island of Java, has been created by lava and ash from volcanoes. The crystalline material, mostly silicates, is often rich in iron, calcium and a variety of other elements. The lava and ash not only help the soil retain moisture but they weather rapidly and usually release valuable nutrients. Volcanic debris can also be used commercially as cement additives, as ingredients in pharmaceuticals and in the production of soaps and cleaners. Some engineers are talking of tapping the heat of volcanoes directly (by circulating water through them); one such energy source under study by the U.S. Geological Survey is Oregon's Mount Hood.

Until Mount St. Helens' sudden reawakening, many Americans had blithely assumed that most of the volcanoes of their own Northwest were "dead." But scientists knew better. Only two years ago, two volcanologists from the Geological Survey made a perspicacious forecast. They wrote, "In the future, Mount St. Helens probably will erupt violently and intermittently just as it has in the recent geologic past, and these future eruptions will affect human life and health, property, agriculture and general economic welfare over a broad area."

was once prime fish and game area on the mountain's flanks will find nearly all life wiped out within a 15-mile radius of the crater. The rivers and state-run fish hatcheries near the mountain have been ruined as breeding grounds for steelhead trout and Chinook salmon. Said Mike Wharton, an employee of the Washington State department of game: "We've lost millions of fish." When might the area recover? Replied Wharton, 28: "Not in my lifetime."

Crops within three miles of the crater were destroyed. Downwind, in a triangular swath stretching 200 miles to the east, about 10% of the crops suffered some damage from the dust. Several fields of alfalfa and wheat in eastern Washington were flattened by the weight of ash. When wetted by rains, like those that fell four days after the blast, ash on the ground forms a thick cement-like glop that young shoots may be unable to break through.

Still, the overall damage to wheat in Washington, Idaho and Montana, and to Washington's abundant cherries and apples, is likely to be minor. Alfred Halvorson, a soil expert at Washington State University, believes farmers will lose no more crops than they would to a "very heavy dust storm." Some scientists feared at first that the ash might produce a devastating acid rain, but tests showed that the dust is about as acid as orange juice. The ash contains no more sulfur than ordinary rainwater does.

Any shortfall in Washington wheat production should be made up by bumper crops expected in Oklahoma, Texas and the Plains states. Though wheat prices rose a bit on the Chicago Board of Trade last week, at a time when they normally would be falling, traders were worried not about the St. Helens eruption but about drought in North Dakota.

Except in the immediate vicinity of the mountain, livestock escaped almost unscathed. State officials advised ranchers to put out fresh hay so that cattle would not eat the dusty forage in the fields. Ranchers were also told not to move their herds to avoid increasing the cattle's breathing rate and thus their intake of silica-laden dust. Breeders protected valuable race horses by keeping them inside barns with towels over their noses.

Probably the most lasting and pervasive effect of the eruption, outside the immediate area of Mount St. Helens, will be the monumental nuisance of the cleanup. Volcanic ash fell in amounts estimated at eight tons per acre in the Moscow-Pullman area of Idaho, 300 miles from Mount St. Helens, and 350 lbs. per acre in southwestern Montana, roughly 400 miles away. The fine, gritty ash drifted into everything: aircraft engines, sewage and water treatment plants, tractor gears, washing machines. One official at Washington State University warned homemakers to use only detergents when washing clothes because

Daytime darkness turns ash-shrouded Yakima, Wash., into a ghost town

Farmer blowing ash off grapes in Wapato, Wash.

Masked workmen shoveling ash off Yakima's streets

A wry attempt to reap some good from the ill wind

soap might mix with ash in the water, forming a sludge that would hopelessly clog the outlet hoses of automatic washing machines.

Throughout Washington, Idaho and Montana, officials cautioned motorists to stay off the roads except for emergencies because the passage of an auto stirs up clouds of dust that blind other drivers. Motorists also were advised to clean air and oil filters every 20 or 25 miles. Some drivers tied pantyhose over their cars' air filters to help keep out the dust. Nonetheless, insurance companies will soon be deluged with claims from the owners of countless autos whose windshields and finishes were pitted by the ash.

On streets and in backyards, the ash is also a headache. At the airport in Spokane (pop. 250,000), which was covered by half an inch of dust, a neon sign said REJOICE, IT IS ASH WEDNESDAY. City officials requested citizens to hose down the streets in front of their houses, and the city council passed an ordinance requiring residents to get rid of the ash in ten days or face fines and short jail sentences. Said Evelyn Erdely, 20, a student at Spokane Falls Community College: "I have a cough. I'm sneezing a lot and I feel icky. My dad is out with the hose washing off the house all the time."

In Pullman (pop. 21,000), students from Washington State University jammed the Barley and Hops tavern for "eruption specials," $1 pitchers of beer. In Yakima, which was coated with half an inch of dust, the owner of an auto body shop jokingly put ash on sale for 50¢ per gal. but got no takers. Hosing or shoveling the ash was only a slightly more effective way of getting rid of it. Complained Yakima Mayor Betty Edmondson: "Wet ash turns into a slurry that is just about impossible to shovel."

One of the hardest-hit towns outside the immediate vicinity of the volcano was Ritzville, Wash. (pop. 2,000). A current of warm, dust-laden air from the west collided with cold air from the east and dumped 5 in. of ash on the town. Reported TIME Correspondent James Willwerth: "If Spokane looked like an ashtray, Ritzville looked as though it had been hit by an avalanche. The town was caked in dust and mud. Streets had 2-ft. drifts. On South Adams Street, Mrs. Erma Miller's once meticulously landscaped ranch-style house looked as if it were in a desert. The lawn had disappeared almost completely. Branches were broken from two formerly flowering hawthornes. There was a 4-ft. drift on the patio. Said Mrs. Miller, leaning on her snow shovel: 'You ought to see the inside. You can't keep the dust out.'

"Within hours of the storm, 2,500 stranded motorists sought refuge in Ritzville. Schools and churches were turned into shelters; 81 people slept on the floor of Perkins Restaurant, and many families took in strangers for a night or two. On Tuesday morning Adams County Sheriff Ron Snowden let 75 motorists try to drive out, after a compressor at the firehouse was used to blow the cars' air cleaners free of dust. Only 20 made it. Twenty-five returned to Ritzville. The rest were stranded on the highway and had to seek refuge at a rest stop. During the worst of the storm, cars could run only about half an hour in the Ritzville area before stalling.

"Adams County Auditor Kim Yerxa estimated that cleaning up Ritzville and the rest of the county will cost $2 million; the annual budget is only twice that sum. To clear Ritzville's streets, Sheriff Snowden directed a fire truck to spray the ash so that a road grader could push it into 3-ft.-high dikes. They, in turn, were shoveled up by road crews. But Snowden predicted that it will be a year before the town is free of ash."

For months ahead, residents of Ritzville and a large slice of the Northwest will have to live with the ash, a visible reminder of the titanic forces of nature that shape the earth. To volcano experts Mount St. Helens may be a baby and its eruption second-rate. But to the people in its path it was a catastrophe. ■

Soldiers kicking antigovernment demonstrators arrested on streets of Kwangju during week of unrest and violence

SOUTH KOREA

Season of Spleen

Outright insurrection raises alarm about an invaluable Pacific ally

"Lift martial law!" shouted the demonstrators. Others cried: "Death to General Chun!" In South Korea's provincial capital of Kwangju, tens of thousands of protesters swarmed through the streets venting their anger at the martial-law government in power in Seoul and against the country's newest strongman, Lieut. General Chun Du Hwan. The turmoil soon turned into a full-scale insurrection. Rebellious citizens seized effective control of Kwangju, which is 175 miles south of Seoul, from the fleeing police. Rioting spread to 16 other towns of the province. After four days, more than 100 people had been killed and uncounted hundreds wounded. It was the most serious crisis in South Korea since the upheaval that brought down the regime of President Syngman Rhee in 1960 and began 19 years of military domination.

In Washington, the Carter Administration nervously urged the South Korean military leaders to exercise "maximum restraint," lest their actions lead to "dangerous miscalculation by external forces"—meaning, of course, the rulers of Communist North Korea. Washington had no reason to think that the Pyongyang government was in fact trying to take advantage of Seoul's troubles, but clearly the crisis carried with it the seeds of danger for both South Korea and its allies.

The rioting started two weeks ago, with a wave of student demonstrations in Seoul. The protests were aimed mostly against the martial law that has been in effect ever since the assassination of President Park Chung Hee seven months ago. The specific targets of these protests: the ineffectual President Choi Kyu Hah, 60, and, most of all, the authoritarian figure behind the President, Lieut. General Chun, 48. As both the head of the Defense Security Command and acting director of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency, Chun was already being regarded as the country's offstage military ruler.

Swinging his truncheon, a paratrooper pummels a detained demonstrator

Just as the first wave of student protests subsided, the government cracked down with a series of iron-fisted edicts and actions: a ban against all political activity, the closing of all university campuses and, finally, the summary arrest of hundreds of prominent politicians, businessmen and student leaders. Indeed, even the head of the governing Democratic Republican Party, Kim Jong Pil, was detained. The arrest that proved to be a decisive provocation, however, was that of the government's leading critic, Kim Dae Jung. To justify their actions, the authorities charged that he had connived to foment the recent unrest and to overturn the government.

As it happens, Kim Dae Jung is a native of South Cholla province, of which Kwangju (pop. 800,000) is the capital. Cholla is the poorest region of the country, and was consistently neglected by President Park during his 18 years in power. The people of Cholla have long complained of unfair treatment by the central government. Most of all, they resent

the fact that their area has been deprived of the industrialization that has benefited the rest of the country. When they learned last week that the government in Seoul had arrested Kim Dae Jung, they rose up in protest.

For four days crowds of students and workmen clashed with police and paratroops in the streets of Kwangju. Soon the protesters, waving rifles, iron bars and stones, took control of the city. They occupied the city hall and provincial headquarters and burned down a TV-radio station owned by a chain that had supported the Park regime. Raiding police and military armories, they seized some 3,500 weapons, including light machine guns. They commandeered dozens of military vehicles. For the most part the army avoided an open fight with the rioters. Even so, hospitals confirmed that 107 people had been killed

TIME Correspondent S. Chang managed to visit Kwangju last week and found the city gripped by a strange combination of euphoria and lawlessness. Reported Chang: "The city's youth reigned supreme. Tens of thousands were roaming around town, driving or boarding army trucks, Jeeps, buses, even bulldozers. Chanting hoarsely, the youths banged on the sides of their vehicles with sticks or metal pipes. In the turbulent heart of Kwangju, I flagged down a Jeep for a ride. It stopped, but its seven occupants stared at me suspiciously. 'What the hell do you want?' said one. When I explained, they grinned and were more than willing to oblige. One was a 20-year-old lathe operator, another a candy store employee. The five others were friends from a neighborhood auto repair shop.

"One of my erstwhile hosts, the lathe operator, from time to time would playfully take aim at me with his M-16. Another kept grabbing his hand grenade and explaining to me how the pin could be removed. I pleaded with them to discontinue their antics, since the driver, a speed maniac who for reasons best known to himself wore a gas mask, kept zooming at 40 m.p.h. through alleys full of shouting humanity. I felt like one of those G.I.s who rode through liberated Paris or Rome during World War II. Kwangju, after all, had been 'liberated' by its youth power.

"My ride ended at last at the top of Mudung, a mountain behind Kwangju. The leader of my group pointed to the panoramic view of the city below and said, 'Look. We all love this city.' Then he shook hands, raced back to his Jeep and sped away. Only on the outskirts of Kwangju did I see some army troops, part of an estimated 15,000 who had been ordered to surround the periphery of the city. The soldiers were holding M-16s and guarding an approach to a penitentiary. Some demonstrators were giving them candy

Triumphant youths riding in commandeered vehicles

The city was gripped by euphoria and lawlessness.

"What started it all? The Martial Law Command blamed it on 'hooligans and impure elements,' a reference to Communists and their sympathizers. Kwangju is not without some Communists. In fact I saw a red flag atop at least one commandeered army truck, the first I have ever seen in a land where Communism is outlawed. But I saw no signs of provocateurs or organized hooliganism. What I did see was an impending danger: with the youthful protesters stockpiling weapons, and troops encircling the city, Kwangju could turn into a bloodbath."

In Seoul, meanwhile, an apprehensive calm prevailed. The Cabinet of Prime Minister Shin Hyon Hwack abruptly resigned, taking the blame for "failure to maintain domestic calm." It was succeeded by a new one headed by Park Choong Hoon, a retired major general and administrator credited with having been a force behind South Korea's economic development. On Tuesday the Martial Law Command announced that it had decided to close down the National Assembly indefinitely. Opposition members assembled on the grass in a kind of sit-down strike. All 43 of them offered their resignations to the floor leader. Grumbled one: "Even under [President] Park, nothing like this ever happened." A sense of distrust and fear seemed to pervade the city. Said a longtime resident of Seoul: "If the North Koreans sent planes to strafe the city, people would think it was Chun Du Hwan attacking the dissidents." Remarked a Kyung Hee University professor: "This is a season of spite and spleen."

The latest political turmoil has compounded a growing concern over South Korea's economic future. The country's highflying prosperity has recently slowed down. Unemployment has risen to 5.6% and is expected to pass 7% by the end of the year. Inflation has reached almost 20%. Last month workers at the Sabuk coal mines, demanding a 40% pay hike, rioted for three days; a policeman was killed and scores on both sides were injured before the miners settled for a 20% increase. Three weeks ago, the Tongmyung Timber Co. of Pusan, South Korea's largest plywood maker, went bankrupt, leaving liabilities of $106 million. Some of its 3,000 employees demonstrated for their unpaid wages and skirmished with police. Says a Korean economist: "With more big bankruptcies like that one, much of our labor force could explode."

After the unrest spread to Kwangju last week, U.S. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie declared at a press conference that he was "deeply concerned" that the South Korean government was moving away from "liberalizing policies." The problem, as his aides explained later, is that the U.S. has precious few bargaining chips with which to influence developments in South Korea. Obviously Washington cannot threaten to withdraw its 39,000 troops or threaten economic sanctions against Seoul, since such actions would only undermine a pro-Western country that the U.S. once fought dearly to protect.

Nor can the Carter Administration realistically hope to bolster the position of President Choi, since he has little pow-

er and indeed may be a virtual prisoner of the military in the presidential compound, the Blue House. To be sure, American and South Korean troops are joined in a combined command, and in theory this gives the U.S. some control over more than half of South Korea's 600,000-man armed forces. But such authority can amount to very little. General Chun himself flagrantly ignored a Korean-American agreement on prior consultation last December, when he ordered reserve units to help him arrest some 40 rival officers. More cooperatively, the Seoul government last week asked General John Wickham Jr., U.S. commander of the joint forces, to release some Korean units under his command for "crowd control and internal security." He obliged.

Late last week Kwangju remained under the effective control of its insurgents, but hastily organized "citizens' committees" were trying to reimpose some order at the grass roots. Teams of youths, for example, canvassed the streets to induce people to turn in their weapons; they succeeded in collecting more than half of those that had been seized. Community leaders, meanwhile, met with government officials and army commanders to try to negotiate a truce. Spokesmen for the townspeople lodged a series of specific demands: that the government keep its troops outside Kwangju until order is restored, that it compensate families of the dead and wounded and that it refrain from retaliating against the rioters. Initial negotiations did not produce a settlement, but at least the city was calmer than it had been for a week.

Ever since Chun seized power, among his goals were the execution of Kim Jae Kyu, the former intelligence chief who killed President Park, Chun's mentor, last Oct. 26; and the exclusion of Opposition Politician Kim Dae Jung from the election of a new President that was supposed to be held some time next year. Last week Chun made notable progress on both fronts. The South Korean Supreme Court rejected Kim Jae Kyu's appeal of his death sentence, and four days later he was hanged, along with four accomplices. In the meantime, martial law investigators announced that they had found evidence to back up their sedition charges against Kim Dae Jung, which conceivably could make him liable to the death penalty as well. Removing an opposition figure like Kim from the political scene might be a temptation for a military autocracy in the making. But it obviously would do nothing to relax the explosive tensions in Kwangju. As the past few weeks have shown once again, unruly events in South Korea have a frightening way of taking on a life of their own. At the height of the bloodshed and chaos in Kwangju last week, one university demonstrator shook his head with fear and disbelief. "This," he said, "is something we never intended." ■

Legacy of Righteous Tumult

In the Republic of Korea the events of April 1960 are popularly known as *hak-saeng uigo*—the Righteous Student Uprising. During those turbulent days, the students of South Korea succeeded in doing what their country's politicians had failed to do: they brought down the entrenched, increasingly corrupt twelve-year-old government of President Syngman Rhee and sent the crusty old leader into exile. Today, even the official *Handbook of Korea*, published under the Park Chung Hee regime hails the uprising unreservedly. "The students," it declares, "had led the people into a democratic revolution."

Rhee became the victim of a Korean institution that his own fervent nationalism had helped to sanctify: student resistance to unjust authority. It was a modern notion, born after the Japanese annexation of Korea in 1910. In the wake of the first World War, Korea was swept with rumors that peace would bring independence. On March 1, 1919, a group of nationalists issued a manifesto urging Koreans to rise up in self-determination. Students, one of the few groups to escape the watchful eye of the Japanese, had carried the demonstration plans across the country. As many as 2 million took to the streets. The terrified Japanese killed thousands, imprisoning thousands more for insurrection. The uprising failed, but the students had tested their power.

JOHN LAVROIS

Park Chung Hee in 1961

Ten years later a spontaneous uprising flared in Kwangju—the site of last week's strife. It began when Japanese soldiers mistreated some Korean girls, and soon spread among students across the city, most of them middle-school teen-agers. The Kwangju demonstrations inspired sympathetic protests throughout the country. The disorders lasted four months, and eventually involved 54,000 students.

The 1960 rebellion against Rhee made the students heroes against a home-grown Korean government. No sooner were they wearing their laurels than they began to flaunt them. During the short-lived second republic under Prime Minister Chang Myon, 1960-61, the young people took the offensive once again. They marched on the National Assembly, invaded it and demanded harsh punishment for miscreants of the Rhee regime.

Some of them also seemed dangerously swayed by fraternal feelers from North Korea; they proposed, among other things, a bilateral conference of students of the two countries. The army, which had stood neutrally by as Rhee was toppled, suspected subversion. On May 16, 1961, a group of officers staged a bloodless, predawn coup against the hapless Chang government. Among the junta's leaders, soon to emerge at the top: Park Chung Hee.

Though he had indirectly been installed by student power, Park remained wary of its potential. On two occasions after his coup, Park reimposed martial law to quell demonstrations. Finally, in one of his emergency decrees in 1974, Park outlawed protest under pain of penalties ranging from one year's imprisonment to death. Ultimately, one of the disagreements that was to lead to Park's assassination was how much latitude the government should give to frustrated young dissidents.

Apparently, authorities in Seoul still do not know the answer to that question. On the one hand, students have long been expected to be in the forefront of the country's nationalistic struggle and revolutionary Western change. That is one reason they tend to be earnestly pro-American and devoted to U.S. political ideals. On the other hand, that quest for freedom, as the spreading protests of the past two weeks have demonstrated, can pose a threat to the country's stability. In the conflict being re-enacted today, says former U.S. Ambassador to Seoul Richard Sneider, "both the military and the students have been overreacting. The tragedy is that what the military has done potentially has increased the danger of instability."

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Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev (center) faces French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing (right) at their summit conference in Warsaw

DIPLOMACY

A "Lone Ranger" Rides Again

Giscard's trip to Warsaw angers Western allies

Giscard: Is spring late in Moscow?

Brezhnev: Yes.

Giscard: I think it is the north that is sending us a cold wave.

Brezhnev: You mean the North Atlantic?

Giscard: None of this has to do with politics

Quite the contrary. After that opening bit of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* banter, the curious encounter between Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing in Warsaw last week had everything to do with politics. It was the first face-to-face meeting between a Western head of state and the Kremlin leader since the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan five months ago, and Giscard's timing could not have been worse. His flight to Warsaw, taken without consulting France's Western allies, merely added more dissension and confusion to an already tense international climate

As Giscard later conceded, the five-hour conversation predictably failed to deflect the Soviets from their determination to maintain control of Afghanistan Thus the French President gave the impression of being an unsuccessful appeaser, with nothing to show for his efforts More to the point, Giscard's unseemly rush to meet with Brezhnev unnecessarily widened the breach between Paris and Washington. Even before the trip, the U.S.-French relationship had been stretched to the danger point by what Western Europeans see as Jimmy Carter's overreaction to Afghanistan and the holding of U.S. hostages in Iran. Giscard's trip also outraged France's European partners, particularly the West Germans, who felt tricked and upstaged

Giscard got scant credit at home for what the Paris daily *Le Monde* dubbed an act of "Lone Ranger" diplomacy. In a scathing editorial, the paper observed "Brezhnev got what he wanted. The Soviet press will present [Giscard's] presence in Warsaw as meaning the end of the quarantine in which the Kremlin's leadership has been locked for five months since the rape of Afghanistan." The left-wing *Le Matin de Paris* suggested that Giscard could be "the first Western leader to consent to a slow process of Finlandization in Western Europe." In a Page One banner, the counterculture newspaper *Libération* awarded the French President the Lenin peace prize

To be sure, France was not the only country to raise worries in Washington about the common purposes of the Western alliance. In Britain, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, regarded as America's staunchest supporter in Europe, was forced to back away from a vital part of a European Community agreement reached in Naples last week, which supported the U.S. call for economic sanctions against Iran

The nine Community countries had agreed that they would join in cutting off all exports to Iran (excluding food and medicines) based on contracts signed after Nov. 4, 1979, the day on which the U.S. embassy hostages were seized. They also decided to ban all new contracts. But when the time came for British parliamentary approval, more than 100 Conservative M.P.s in the House of Commons balked at imperiling Britain's estimated $100 million-a-month trade with Iran, and would agree to bar only future exports. Thus confronted with a bloc of opposition among her own Tory backbenchers—some of whom object to any sanctions on principle—Thatcher had no choice but to give in. It was a surprise defeat for Thatcher's respected Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, who had pressed for sanctions as a political gesture of solidarity with the U.S.

The French, who joined the other Community nations in confirming the Naples agreement, gloated over what Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet branded the "selfish" British action. "The U.S. is always quick to accuse us of being bad allies," said one top French diplomat, "but look at what Britain is doing."

Compounding the gloom in Washington, other European countries broke ranks with Atlantic solidarity. In Rome, the Italian Olympic Committee—following the British and French example—voted in defiance of their government to send their athletes to the Moscow Summer Olympics. That left West Germany as the only major Western European country to heed the U.S. call for a boycott. At week's end a total of 55 countries had decided not to go to the Moscow Games, 68 planned to participate and 22 were still undecided

Washington registered shock and dismay at this series of rebuffs to U.S. foreign policy. One top State Department official called the British action "a grim surprise that mucks things up with the one country we counted on."

But Washington's greatest ire was reserved for the French. Edmund Muskie had received news of the Giscard-Brezhnev summit less than two days before it occurred. An aide reported that the Secretary of State was "furious, very furious." At a press conference, Muskie's anger flared with an outburst that surprised his

own advisers. He lashed out at France's Foreign Minister with a direct and personal attack. The reason: during Muskie's meeting with François-Poncet only four days earlier, the French minister not only had failed to tell him of the forthcoming Warsaw summit but had also criticized the U.S. for frequently failing to consult with its European allies on key policy decisions. Said Muskie: "I'm concerned that when I was being given a lecture on consultation, the lecturer was not inclined to practice what he was preaching."

In Paris, François-Poncet came back with an equally waspish reply. Said he in a speech before the National Assembly: "The President of the French Republic does not need the permission of the President of the United States to go out-of-doors." Recalling that Muskie had described his meeting in Vienna two weeks ago with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko as "useful and necessary," François-Poncet asked why a meeting between Giscard and Brezhnev should now be judged "harmful and unnecessary."

One plausible answer is that there has been a disconcerting gap between official French policies and actions ever since the Afghanistan crisis began. Giscard waited nearly two weeks before denouncing the invasion. Carter's proposal for an Olympic boycott was quickly dismissed by Paris as "inappropriate." French government missions continued to travel to Moscow to protect Franco-Soviet trade (worth $3.7 billion last year). Paris, meanwhile, blocked European Community proposals to cut Soviet access to preferential export credits. During the Moscow May Day parade, France's Henri Froment-Meurice was the only major Western ambassador present.

The gingerly French attitude toward the Soviets raises a larger question. In a sharply worded critique of French foreign policy in the June issue of *Harper's*, Historian Walter Laqueur charges that "France suffers not so much from a surfeit of nationalism as from a lack of faith, or a kind of defeatism trying to masquerade as an unemotional strategy." Laqueur concedes that "there is a Gaullist tradition in modern French history, but there is also the heritage of Vichy, and it is not at all certain that the Gaullist tradition has prevailed of late. Contemporary appeasement has many guises: it appears under the mask of superior wisdom, experience and statesmanship, as well as under the slogan of a 'special relationship' with the Soviet Union."

In defense of Giscard's mission, French spokesmen argued that it had been designed to re-establish a vital line of communications between the West and the U.S.S.R. The five-hour summit in Wilanow Palace—with Polish Communist Party Boss Edward Gierek as host—had produced no perceptible relaxation of East-West tension, much less any Soviet concession on Afghanistan. But the French argued that at least they had set a precedent that might lead to more fruitful talks in the future. French officials said that preparations for the meeting had been kept secret because Brezhnev, whose health is notoriously poor, might have had to cancel at the last moment.

But why had Carter not been told privately? The explanation: Giscard was still annoyed over leaks from Washington that led Paris to withdraw from a scheduled meeting in Bonn last February involving Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and his British, French and West German counterparts. On the basis of the leaks, the French concluded that the U.S. was trying to pressure its allies into a joint stance of opposition to the Soviets' Afghan invasion. Said one French diplomat: "Giscard has no confidence that Carter can keep a secret."

Even if the charge were true, that would not explain why Giscard failed to consult with West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, his closest friend among the leaders of the alliance. Not until a few hours before he took off for Warsaw did Giscard telephone Schmidt. (Thatcher and Carter, by contrast, received laconic messages.) "The conversation was not warm," reported a chancellery aide. Added a Foreign Ministry official: "We were hoodwinked."

Schmidt could hardly complain openly about Giscard's trip, since he has been an ardent advocate of dialogue with the Soviets, and plans to visit Moscow himself in July. Accordingly, after a post-Warsaw briefing by François-Poncet, the Chancellor endorsed the French initiative as "useful and helpful." Privately, he was quite angry, not least because the French for weeks had been telling him that there was no point to his own Moscow visit. The French had argued that the Soviets would only use the occasion to divide the West and that Schmidt could not hope to make progress on Afghanistan until relations between Moscow and Washington improved.

Illustration for TIME by David Levine

The diplomatic disarray presented Washington with a dilemma. The Administration unquestionably had a right to express disapproval of its Western allies' actions. Too much criticism, though, could well inspire the Western Europeans to open commentary embarrassingly on the zigs and zags of Carter's policies. London has already quietly advised the White House to mute its fury at the sanctions vote in Commons, since two could play that game.

Indeed, Washington's own twists and turns can only reinforce the growing fear in Western Europe that the balance of power is slipping toward Moscow. That notion confirms Western European suspicions that the neutralization of the Continent —the "Finlandization" that so many people fear—is now under way. "If a nation acts powerless and terrified, that's called Finlandization," argues Pundit Raymond Aron, a critic of Giscard's post-Afghanistan policy.

Meanwhile, more potential rifts between Washington and Western Europe loom in the weeks ahead on another divisive issue: Palestinian self-determination. London, Paris and Bonn have advised Washington that if the stalled Egyptian-Israeli negotiations on autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza fail to make progress, they will sponsor a diplomatic campaign, presumably centered on the United Nations, in favor of Palestinian rights. The U.S. flatly opposes any such European initiative, but could be faced with a *fait accompli* by the time President Carter goes to Venice on June 22 for a seven-nation summit meeting between the U.S. and its key allies. Some would now argue that the conference will be a success if it does not damage the alliance any further. ■

SOUTHWEST ASIA

Muslim Ministers Blast the U.S.

And softly ask the Soviets to leave Afghanistan

It says something about the conference of Islamic Foreign Ministers in Islamabad last week that one of the more moderate voices heard there was that of Iran's Sadegh Ghotbzadeh. "When we condemn the U.S. for supporting Israel in Palestine and for intervening in Viet Nam," said Ghotbzadeh, who was clearly the star of the six-day meeting, "we should not hesitate for one minute to condemn the Soviet Union for intervening in Afghanistan." Trailed by reporters wherever he went, the tall, dark-haired Iranian Foreign Minister went well beyond rhetorical denunciation of Moscow's "adventurism" in Afghanistan; he also included leaders of five Afghan rebel groups in his country's official delegation and warned that Iran might begin to arm and train the rebels unless the Soviets withdraw their troops. At the same time, Ghotbzadeh predictably denounced the abortive U.S. attempt to rescue 53 American hostages in Tehran last month as "another manifestation of American imperialism in the form of armed aggression."

The mood of the Islamic ministers, who represented 39 nations and the Palestine Liberation Organization, has changed considerably since they met in the Pakistani capital last January. The final resolution of that conference attacked the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as a "flagrant violation" of international law. The muted resolution adopted by last week's conference called for a Soviet troop withdrawal, but it also kowtowed to the Kremlin by urging a reasoned "political" approach to the problem.

Even as Soviet troops were crushing the Muslim rebellion in Afghanistan, the ministers in Islamabad set up a committee —made up of the organization's Tunisian secretary-general Habib Chatti, Iran's Ghotbzadeh and Pakistan's foreign affairs adviser Agha Shahi—to seek a "comprehensive solution" to the crisis through consultations with the concerned parties. The initiative, whose success seems problematical, reflected the delegates' desire for concrete action after the tough language of the earlier conference had failed to produce any results.

For all their lip service to international law and justice, the ministers virtually ignored Iran's illegal and inhumane detention of 53 U.S. citizens. Only through the efforts of Saudi Arabian Foreign Minister Prince Saud al Faisal was a phrase inserted urging Tehran to solve the hostage question "in the spirit of Islam." The delegates denounced Washington for the hostage rescue attempt, which the resolution describes as "the recent American military aggression in Iran."

Less ambiguous than the Muslim ministers, the International Court of Justice at The Hague declared Iran guilty of "continuing breaches" of international law and ordered the immediate release of the hostages and payment of damages to the U.S. Tehran, which does not recognize the court's jurisdiction, is expected to defy the order. But some hopes for a break in the crisis were raised at week's end when three prominent Socialist party leaders—Sweden's Olof Palme, Spain's Felipe González and Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky—met in Vienna and discussed the possibility of flying together to Tehran to probe the chances for the hostages' liberation.

Moving beyond the hostage crisis and Afghanistan, the Islamabad conference blasted the U.S., Egypt and Israel for their role in the Camp David accords and other "subversive measures engineered by the imperialist and Zionist aggressors" against the Palestinians. Muslim states were urged to sever all ties with Cairo, while Israel was denounced for the Knesset's preliminary approval two weeks ago of a bill declaring Jerusalem the country's perpetual and indivisible capital.

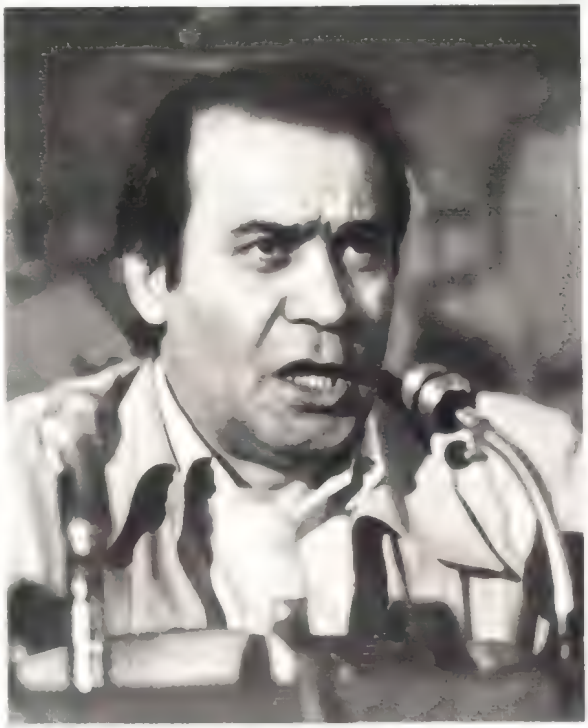
Not surprisingly, the anti-American forces in Islamabad were led by a group of pro-Moscow hard-liners such as Syria, Libya and the P.L.O. Declared P.L.O. Delegate Abdel Mohsen Abu Maizer: "Why do you want to compare the Soviet Union, which is offering help and support to the Palestinian people and the Arab cause, to America, which is feeding Israel with weapons in order to kill the Palestinian people?" Among the leading opponents of this pro-Soviet faction was Ghotbzadeh, who asserted that "the liberation of Afghanistan is not less important than the liberation of Palestine." But the U.S. found no outspoken defenders, although certain delegates quietly expressed sympathy for the hostages.

In Afghanistan, meanwhile, the bloody war continued. Armed with tanks, armored personnel carriers and helicopter gunships, Soviet forces launched major attacks last month in four areas: Ghazni, southwest of Kabul; Parwan to the north; Ghorband, 30 miles south of the capital; and the Kunar Valley to the northeast. Nonetheless, the Soviets have not yet pacified the forbidding, mountainous country. Even with an estimated 85,000 troops in Afghanistan, plus 30,000 in reserve near by, they are unable to control the countryside or protect their lines of communication from guerrilla ambushes. Says Naji Bullah, an official of one of the Afghan rebel groups based in Peshawar: "The Russians are in the cities and they have the highways, but elsewhere they have no control."

Even in the capital, the Soviets must contend with the smoldering hostility of the local population. Civil riots in Kabul last February reportedly resulted in 500 to 2,000 civilian deaths, while another 60 to 100 people were killed during two weeks of anti-Soviet demonstrations last month. At least seven people died last week in clashes between police and armed students.

There are other problems. The fighting has left the country almost totally dependent on Kremlin aid and grain shipments. Desertions have cut the Afghan army from 80,000 before the revolution to 25,000. Up to 1 million civilian refugees have fled to Pakistan and Iran.

Despite their tenacity as fighters, the rebels are handicapped by primitive tactics, poor weapons and the inability of rival guerrilla factions to form a common front. In the analysis of one U.S. official, the biggest danger facing Moscow in Afghanistan may be political rather than military: "The Communist regime they installed is weaker, less popular, more in disarray [than ever]. Its original slim support is eroding. The Soviets are in danger of losing their puppet regime." ■



STEVE McCURRY

Iran's Ghotbzadeh addressing press conference in Islamabad

Denouncing America's "armed aggression on our sacred soil."

VIET NAM

A Dubious Communist Victory

Long after Saigon's "liberation," Hanoi still faces hard times

It has been just five years since the jubilant troops of North Viet Nam swept into the crushed city of Saigon and brought an ignominious end to the Republic of South Viet Nam. For Hanoi, those euphoric days of victory held hope that the long years of sacrifice would finally be repaid with peace and prosperity. A U.S.-built network of roads, ports and communications facilities remained largely intact throughout the South and a united Viet Nam, blessed with two rice-rich river deltas, abundant coal and fertile fishing grounds seemed ready to emerge from the ashes of civil war.

That dream of economic strength has never materialized. Viet Nam today is a somber country where austere militarism remains a way of life. TIME *Correspondent David DeVoss and Photographer Dirck Halstead, who both covered the Viet Nam War, recently spent 17 days in Viet Nam to assess what has gone wrong—and what is going right. DeVoss's report:*

In some deceptive ways Saigon seems not to have changed. The nostalgic visitor can still order a *Grand Marnier Soufflé* in a good French restaurant or go to the Rex Hotel on Saturday night and dance with a lissome girl in a pastel *ao dai*. But such moments are illusory. The Marxist regime of the North makes its presence felt down to the naming of streets and buildings. The elegant Caravelle Hotel is now the Independence. The city's raffish main street, Tu Do (Freedom) has been renamed Dong Khoi (General Uprising), commemorating the Communist takeover of 1975.

Gone is the excess of the war years, when American G.I.s crammed Saigon's bars for instant companionship with girls who sipped "Saigon Tea" as packs of Vietnamese motorcycle cowboys roared through the streets. Now the signs of hard times are everywhere. Once well-to-do matrons slip into Tu Do's antique shops to sell family porcelains and ivory for cash. Beggars haunt the streets by day. At night, scores of vagrants sleep on the steps of the old National Assembly.

Outside the former capital, evidence of the ten-year war remains starkly apparent across the Vietnamese landscape. Sixty miles north of Saigon in An Loc, now called Binh Long, the twisted debris of Jeeps and armored cars lies rusting in the sun. Bunkers have collapsed. Abandoned shell casings and brittle gas masks litter the barren ground. No other town in the South suffered so severely during the war. In the spring of 1972, when it was encircled by the Viet Cong, at least 1,000 artillery and rocket rounds fell on An Loc every day. Today only a handful of buildings has been restored.

Apart from such physical damage, some of the saddest human legacies of the war are the re-education camps, where Saigon's military men, bureaucrats, suspect lawyers and doctors have been incarcerated to be "rehabilitated" into right-thinking citizens. Officials admit to having 20,000 in the camps, but one informed foreigner in Saigon insists that more than 200,000 are still confined.

After the fall of Saigon the victorious General Vo Nguyen Giap's advice to his men was to "uphold the spirit of socialist labor, and together with the rest of the people zealously take part in economic reconstruction." The soldiers never got the chance. The promised demobilization of Hanoi's forces has yet to take place. As a result of Viet Nam's 1978 invasion of Cambodia, more than 200,000 troops are tied down in that country. Another 50,000 have become an apparently permanent occupying force in Laos. Those expeditionary forces are merely the most obvious evidence of a pervading reality about Viet Nam today: expansionist adventures are costly. A nation whose gross national product is only 3% of America's is maintaining an army of 1 million—a force one-third larger than the U.S. Army.

The Vietnamese clearly believe military strength is a necessity. In their view, Viet Nam is an island of Communist revolution surrounded by suspicion. On three sides are the 248 million people of the non-Communist Southeast Asian nations. To the north are Viet Nam's historic foes—1 billion Chinese. Reason enough, some observers think, for Viet Nam to want to weld together an Indochinese federation with a docile Cambodia and Laos under the leadership of Hanoi. Others believe that Viet Nam is simply Moscow's stand-in in the Southeast Asian geopolitical rivalry with Peking. But a more likely explanation is that the men who govern Viet Nam know of no other way except the exercise of military might to secure their country's safety. Says Colonel Tran Cong Man, editor in chief of Hanoi's army newspaper: "For 30 years people had one job—that was fighting."

Viet Nam has recently made a new diplomatic effort to gain full acceptance among its non-Communist neighbors. More particularly, it has sought recognition for its surrogate in Cambodia, the 17-month-old regime of Heng Samrin. Earlier this month, Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach launched the latest round of this campaign with a tour of Southeast Asian capitals. The mission

Rusting U.S. vehicles at An Loc

Aftermath of war: traffic on temporary bridge at heavily bombed city of Vinh

produced mixed results. In Malaysia, for example, Prime Minister Datuk Hussein Onn hinted at a willingness to compromise on Cambodia. In Thailand, talks broke down when Thach angrily rejected Bangkok's demand for a neutral Cambodian government free of both Chinese and Soviet influence

Viet Nam's enduring militarism can also serve as a convenient alibi for the country's economic morass. Since reunification in 1975, the rate of inflation in Hanoi has gone up 100%. In Saigon, the annual inflation rate is a staggering 350%; unemployment is 20%. A combination of bad weather and bureaucratic bungling has left Viet Nam with a succession of crop failures and a 2 million-ton annual shortfall of food. Compared with 1976, last year's paper production was down by 16% and textiles by 10%.

Damages left by the war—and by Peking's invasion last year—are contributing factors to the country's economic woes. Another cause is the exodus of ethnic Chinese tradesmen and skilled workers, precipitated by a 1978 decree abolishing capitalist trade in the South. But Hanoi itself has virtually admitted that poor economic planning is the real reason for most of the failures.

The party's Central Committee has issued a series of belated reforms designed to add some free-market elements to Viet Nam's stifled economy. According to the new directives, announced last autumn, anyone who can set up a profitable enterprise should be allowed to do so, peasants should not be forced into collectives and initiative should be rewarded even on state cooperatives and in factories.

The new freedoms have been embraced enthusiastically. Hanoi vendors squat on the curbs during the evening selling a variety of goods, ranging from tiny bananas to disco shoes. In Haiphong, the 400 employees of a machine workshop are moonlighting with zeal. Every afternoon when the state work is finished, the metal scraps are gathered and turned into spare parts for gasoline stoves or into metal strips to bind wooden crates. So far the extra work has added between 30% and 40% to the average laborer's monthly pay.

Saigon's Tu Do Street with old Continental Palace Hotel (right) seen at dusk

Young women strolling in the city

Gone is the self-indulgent excess of old.

Only aid from the nations of the Communist economic pact (COMECON), notably the Soviet Union, keeps Viet Nam's economic crisis from sliding into debacle. Moscow, which has 8,000 advisers scattered through the country, is currently pouring $2.5 million a day into military and civilian aid projects, including a $1.8 billion hydroelectric and irrigation complex in Ha Son Binh (formerly Hoa Binh) province, a thermal power station, and completion of the Thang Long Bridge outside Hanoi, left unfinished by the Chinese withdrawal in 1978.

South Viet Nam is now administered by battle-tough Viet Cong veterans. A 54-year-old lieutenant colonel, for example, was chosen to head Saigon's City Department of Social Service and administer $2.26 million a year. In Song Be province, Vu Xuan Thu, once a Viet Cong guerrilla leader, is deputy director of land clearing and New Economic Zones, a job that involves the destinies of 150,000 farmers. Thu claims to have killed 27 Americans during the war, but he admits that such heroics do not help him now. "In the army all I had to do was fight," he says. "This job is more difficult."

In spite of the economic difficulties, the country's Communist rulers can be proud of some achievements in the defeated South. They created jobs for a million people who were left unemployed at the end of the war. Thousands of prostitutes and drug addicts have been reformed. The public school enrollment has doubled. Finally, full citizenship has been restored to 400,000 of the soldiers who were once loyal to Nguyen Van Thieu.

While the regime admits that much remains to be done, its propaganda attributes most of the country's present troubles to "networks of subversion maintained by Washington and Peking." Charged Foreign Minister Thach in an interview with TIME: "The U.S. still has agents in Ho Chi Minh City." The 57-year-old career diplomat warned Washington not to use its new friendship with Peking against Viet Nam "if you want stability in this region."

Despite the repeated charges leveled at Washington and Peking, the most serious threat to Viet Nam's stability probably comes from its own imperial ambitions. It may be a properly ironic punishment that Viet Nam finds itself bogged down in Cambodia fighting a war against grimly determined guerrillas. Indeed the economically strapped Vietnamese are by no means finished with their Indochinese adventure. They are too tenacious for that. But even a fierce and hardy nation can be asked to endure too much, too long, in a fight that this time it may not win. ■

A tangle of junked aircraft still clutters Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport

Photographs for TIME by Dirck Halstead

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CANADA

Quebec Says *Non* to Separatism

A referendum vote approves reform within the system

"It hurts more deeply than any election defeat. We have to swallow it this time." So said Quebec Premier René Lévesque last week, standing on the same platform in Montreal's Paul Sauvé arena that he had used to declare the upset election victory of his *Parti Québecois* in 1976. Greeted by 5,000 cheering supporters, Lévesque (pronounced Leh-*vek*) seemed close to tears as he acknowledged that voters in Canada's largest, predominantly French-speaking province had turned him down by 59.5% to 40.5%. They had voted *non* in a referendum that would have given him authority to negotiate a new form of "sovereignty association" with the rest of Canada.

As the ballots were being counted, Lévesque put off acknowledging defeat for 90 minutes after the result became clear. He was plainly hoping that majority support from French-speaking Quebeckers (who make up 84% of the province's population of 6.3 million) would allow him at least to claim a "moral victory." But even this was denied him, as the *nons* carried 94 of Quebec's 110 ridings (election districts), including many *Parti Québecois* strongholds.

Claude Ryan, leader of the province's opposition Liberal Party, called the result "an astounding victory." Indeed it was. Most polls during the bitter, 35-day campaign indicated that the referendum would be won or lost narrowly, in part because of the clever way that Lévesque had posed the question to the voters. He merely asked approval to begin negotiations, promising that there would be no change in Quebec's political status until the results were approved in a second referendum. Ryan, the onetime publisher of Montreal's daily *Le Devoir*, denounced the ambivalent proposal as "the lowest depths of intellectual decrepitude," since it carefully disguised Lévesque's real goal: to seek independent status for Quebec. In his first province-wide campaign since becoming Liberal leader two years ago, Ryan mounted an old-fashioned electoral drive of evening rallies and door-to-door canvassing, seeming to erase the social stigma attached to French-speaking Québecois who opposed the referendum. Said Ryan after the votes were counted: "I think we have rediscovered how very much we love this country. We are proud to be Quebeckers and at the same time proud to be Canadians."

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau also campaigned effectively against Lévesque's proposal by advocating the alternative of change within Canada's federal system. Just before the vote, Trudeau won a standing ovation at a rally in his home town of Montreal by promising that he would interpret a *non* vote as a mandate to seek constitutional reforms that would answer some of Quebec's grievances. Said Trudeau: "We will not stop until it is done. We say to Canadians in other provinces, we will not allow you to interpret this *non* as an indication that everything can stay the way it was."

Conceding defeat, Lévesque admitted that "the people of Quebec have clearly given federalism another chance." But he added: "The ball is in the federalist court, and now it's up to Mr. Trudeau to put some content into [his] promises." True to his word, Trudeau last week dispatched Minister of Justice Jean Chrétien on a whirlwind tour of Canada's ten provincial capitals to lay the groundwork for a conference of premiers and the Prime Minister, which could take place as early as July. Its purpose: to seek a consensus on how to change Canada's constitution, the British North America Act of 1867.

In a televised speech from the House of Commons, Trudeau set three conditions on a new constitution: that it authorize a federal Parliament with real national powers, provincial parliaments with equally valid territorial powers, and a charter of rights and freedoms, including the preservation of linguistic rights for French-speaking Canadians. The bargaining could be difficult, since Quebeckers are not the only Canadians with grievances. The resource-rich western provinces complain of Ottawa's indifference to their needs and want more control over their oil and minerals. Still, as Chrétien said of last week's referendum: "It is a signal for everyone to sit down at the bargaining table. We can't go on living with this trauma that has been eating away at us for the last few years." ■

A defeated Premier René Lévesque

The ball is now in the federalist court.

Long March missile lifts off

CHINA

New Member

An ICBM commands respect

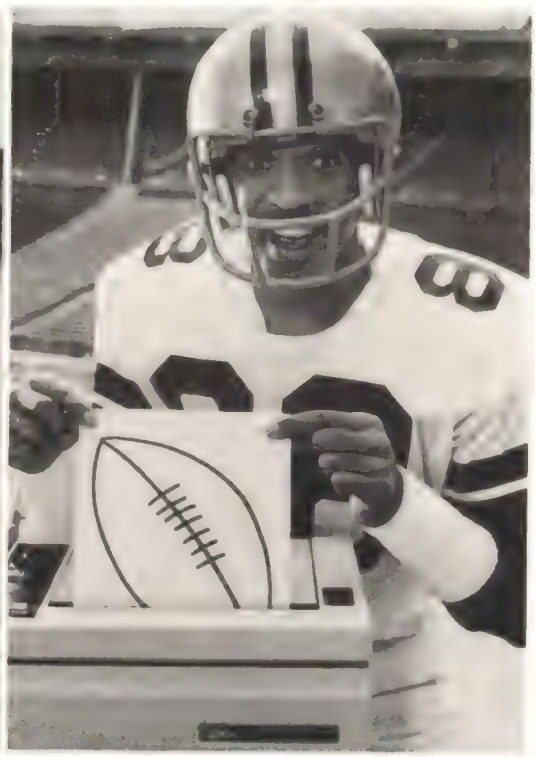
China joined the exclusive club of ICBM powers last week. Two unarmed Long March 3 missiles lifted off from the remote Xinjiang region and traveled some 6,000 miles to a target zone near the Solomon Islands in the Pacific. There, a flotilla of 18 Chinese tracking ships was joined by kibitzing vessels from the U.S., the U.S.S.R., France, New Zealand and Australia. The observers took note of the successful splashdowns with a healthy respect.

The needle-nosed, liquid-propelled rocket—known in the West as the CSS-X-4, for China surface-to-surface experimental No. 4—is relatively crude. But it showed that China intends to allocate scarce resources to hold its own in what it calls "a world in great turmoil." Said Vice Premier Li Xiannian: "Our tests are aimed at strengthening China's defense against the hegemonist powers."

Stated more bluntly, the test proved China's ability for the first time to deliver nuclear warheads to any point in the Soviet Union, not to mention Europe or the western U.S. This point was emphatically made on the Soviets, though their press studiously ignored the missile firings. As for Western military analysts, they quickly laid to rest a cocky old gag to the effect that the Chinese would launch a missile when a group of Shanghai acrobats leaped from the top of the Great Wall onto a teeter-totter. The strike potential of the CSS-X-4, primitive or not, was clearly a serious matter. ■

Staubach hits Pearson for a gain of 2,729,760 yds!

Roger Staubach in Dallas.



Drew Pearson in New York.

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Natalia Makarova performs a ritual of death and revenge; Cynthia Harvey and Anthony Dowell fly high to celebrate their betrothal

Dance

Verdi Would Be Cheering

A.B.T. stages an exotic, full-length La Bayadère

La Bayadère, a much beloved work in the Soviet Union, is virtually unknown here, except for a section called "Kingdom of the Shades," which is a distillation of Marius Petipa's pure classicism. The film *The Turning Point* made beautiful use of its opening sequence, in which the corps de ballet slowly descends a ramp, all the dancers doing the same graceful movement, based on an arabesque, so that the audience sees it from every angle and at the same time as a single image. The stage becomes a vision of harmony, symmetry and peace.

Who would have thought that this prism of bliss is a mere pause amid tumult, a respite in a plot-clogged saga of murder and revenge, which features, among a good many other things, poison asps, opium, the collapse into rubble of an entire Indian temple? With Natalia Makarova's direction, the American Ballet Theater has produced the full-length *La Bayadère*, at a cost of about $500,000. American balletgoers are not used to such a florid, densely populated drama. To appreciate it, one must be prepared for a very full, surprising experience. The evening has a slight aura of grand opera; when a procession of priests makes a stately entrance, one almost expects them to sing.

This disorientation is reinforced by one of the strong elements in the production, the sets. They are fashioned with billowing flair by PierLuigi Samaritani and meticulously painted in Italy. Samaritani is experienced in designing sets for operas. His visions gloriously summon up the richness of legendary India, but sometimes overpower delicate, intricate movements. In scale and detail they seem more suited to leisurely appreciation during a long aria.

Makarova grew up on this ballet in Leningrad, dancing in it at the Kirov. For American audiences she has rearranged the work, adding and deleting portions. Most of the time she manages to keep the story line in focus. She is clearly skilled at staging Russian classics, but it requires either a more imaginative choreographer or a tougher critical judgment to translate the work completely from a secure tradition to a new aesthetic setting. In the first act, an hour and ten minutes long, melodramatic mime sequences and decorative dancing compete for the viewer's attention.

The story is a boggler. Nikiya (Makarova), a *bayadère*, or temple dancer, and the imperious Rajah's daughter Gamzatti (Cynthia Harvey) are rivals for the love of the great warrior Solor (Anthony Dowell), who pledges himself to Nikiya over a sacred fire. Later the Rajah chooses Solor to marry his daughter. If this sounds like *Aida*, it is. In the ballet, both women are murderous. Gamzatti, who plants a deadly snake among flowers given to the dancer, is the successful killer, but Nikiya has ectoplasmic revenge. Her spirit appears first in a lyrical vision to Solor, and again to break up his wedding (and decimate the temple for good measure). If some of that ghostly action is reminiscent of *Giselle*, it emphatically is.

On opening night the production glowed. The corps de ballet—more the heroine than either Nikiya or Gamzatti—danced the "Kingdom of the Shades" scene with technical purity and a moving, almost votive, concentration. Dowell flew over Solor's ambiguous emotions, relying mostly on his light leaps and exquisite musical phrasing. Harvey, who is only 23, lacked the authority to make Gamzatti believable. She seemed relieved when she could forget acting and just dance. Helped by Dowell's impeccable partnering, she was convincing as a ballerina of the future. Playing Nikiya, Makarova mastered all the problems set by *La Bayadère:* drama, poetry, virtuosity. Her death dance was a fusion of grief, despair and mortal accusation.

As a performer she can hardly improve on this interpretation, which seems to be in her soul and her bones. As adapter of Petipa, she may do some editing and smoothing out. The work is a fresh glimpse into another style and should settle in as an exotic addition to A.B.T.'s eclectic repertory. How often at the ballet does one get to see the walls come tumbling down?

— *Martha Duffy*

Bjorn and Mariana and Chris and John ready for "love doubles" in London

Byrd about to play the bluegrass that earned him $5,488

People

Secretary of State Muskie embraces Muriel Humphrey at tribute

Inevitably, the charity tennis event at London's Battersea Park was heralded as a "love doubles" match, even though mixed doubles are notoriously taxing on marriages and other loving relationships. **John Lloyd** and his more famous wife **Chris Evert Lloyd** were paired against **Bjorn Borg** and Fiancée **Mariana Simionescu,** who plan to be married in July. Between hugs, pats, kisses and giggles, the foursome played reasonably serious tennis, with Chris and John winning, 6-4, 6-3. For that they were awarded $93,000, while the losers won $60,500. Charity got $35,000, leading some to wonder why it had been dubbed a charity match. Asked if he and Mariana had practiced much, the normally cool Borg arched his eyebrows and replied, "For mixed doubles, you practice away from the court." Advantage Borg.

■

It was his kind of event. A hall packed with politicians, Democrats for the most part, of course. Near nonstop oratory from 35 speakers. His beloved **Muriel** caught in the glow of spotlights and spontaneous affection. But **Hubert H. Humphrey** is gone: the Worcester, Mass., tribute last week was a New England scholarship fund raiser for the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs at the late Vice President's alma mater, the University of Minnesota. Among the battery of speakers was a particularly close friend from Senate days who had shared the ticket in Humphrey's 1968 presidential race. Embracing Muriel Humphrey, Secretary of State **Edmund Muskie** told the audience "Short of the presidency itself, Hubert would have loved to have been here himself in my stead, in my role. And all of us would feel better if he were."

■

"Spring at Vassar is traditionally lively," began the apologetic letter from Vassar President **Virginia B. Smith** to *National Review* Editor **William F. Buckley Jr.** Lively was certainly one way to describe the campus hubbub Smith was describing. It had followed the choice of Buckley, husband and brother of Vassar alumnae, as the 116th commencement speaker.

The invitation supposedly was by vote of the senior class, but only 37% had actually voted. No sooner was the choice announced than 301 of 560 graduating seniors demanded

Nonspeaker Buckley

Buckley's rejection, citing his un-Vassarish views on everything from nuclear power to black power, from Viet Nam to homosexuality.

Last week Buckley told Smith he would not appear and treated Vassar and the class of '80 to some vintage scorn. An American literature professor at the college, for instance, had

decried Buckley's involvement in the McCarthy era thus: "It was Buckley who offered pridefully in those days the cast of mind and insinuating attitudes toward academia which intellectually veneered the crudities of Joe McCarthy, and in so doing, fueled 'McCarthyism' at its most virulent pitch with respect to the academic community." Buckley snapped that such a man should be studying English not teaching it —and that suggested a problem for Vassar.

As for the graduates: "Having read specimens of their thought and sentiments" and aware of the fact that the majority did not desire his company, he did not want theirs. Furthermore, he had not yet written his speech so there was no love's labor lost.

■

The annual salary of U.S. Senators is $60,663. But some senatorial moonlighting for spare change is also allowed. Thus in financial disclosure statements filed last week, interesting sidelines showed up. Majority Leader **Robert C. Byrd** of West Virginia, as deft at bluegrass fiddling as at politicking, earned $3,888 from an album (*Mountain Fiddler*) and $1,600 from fiddle playing on TV and radio. Republican **William S. Cohen,** took in less than $1,000 selling hay from his Maine farm, but an impressive $12,390 in royalties on his book of poems, *Of Sons & Seasons*. Vermont's **Pat Leahy** made a $1,500 sale of photographs he shot in China. New York Democrat **Daniel Patrick Moynihan,** on the other hand, dropped $9,000 in the commodities market after guessing wrong on pork-belly futures.

■

"By the ebullience and panache of your interpretive style," said the citation for the honorary doctorate of music that the New England Conservatory of Music was bestowing on Flutist **James Galway,** 40, "you have given the musical community a fresh voice to celebrate." Accepting the degree, Galway treated the 109th graduating class of the august Boston school to that very ebullience and panache. From under his doctoral robes, he produced two tin whistles on which he played *Belfast Hornpipe* and jigs drawn from an Irish boyhood.

Galway brings out a tin whistle at the New England Conservatory

■

Who wouldn't want **Gloria Vanderbilt,** patroness of jeans and scioness of a famous family, for a neighbor? Some of the tenants at River House, one of Manhattan's tonier cooperative apartments, that's who. Last January Vanderbilt put down her deposit on a $1.1 million duplex. In April the purchase was vetoed by the co-op's board of directors on the ground that she was a public figure. Vanderbilt found that argument specious, since **Henry Kissinger** and Broadway Producer-Director **Joshua Logan** already live in River House. She has gone to court, charging that the board's real—and illegal—reason is fear that she might marry black Pianist **Bobby Short,** a close friend who appears with her in jeans commercials. Nonsense, replies the board's lawyer. The real reason, he contends, is that Vanderbilt, despite a net worth claim of $7.6 million, actually cannot afford River House.

Gloria Vanderbilt hawks jeans on TV, with Bobby Short at piano

The Pope was celebrating his 60th birthday. So was Rome's Church of Christ the King, whose cornerstone had been blessed the same day that Karol Wojtyla was born in Wadowice, Poland, in 1920. How appropriate then for **John Paul II** to visit the church to celebrate Mass and enjoy a joint birthday cake. What a cake. 132 lbs. of sponge soaked in Grand Marnier, cream filling, icing in papal yellow and white, marzipan coats of arms, and all topped by a milk chocolate model of Christ the King. Blowing out the single candle, John Paul ordered the cake distributed to orphans. He sipped boiling-hot tea and listened delightedly to an Italian choir boom out a traditional Polish birthday song, *"Sto lat lat, niechaj zyje nam* [100 years, 100 years, stay with us]."

Birthday Boy John Paul II slices into his cake topped by Rome's Christ the King church in milk chocolate

BECAUSE the delicate bouquet of this young wine foretells its noble future, our winemaker can patiently and carefully guide the promising youth of our Johannisberg Riesling to full maturity. Every step we take, we take with care because THE WINE REMEMBERS

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Ernest & Julio Gallo, Modesto, CA

Disraeli (McShane) and his wife (Peach): lives of politics and passion

Television

Climbing the Greasy Pole

Disraeli, *PBS, beginning June 1, 9 p.m. E.D.T.*

Did Benjamin Disraeli really exist, or was he the figment of somebody's imagination? He was a dandy at a time when people were wearing black. He was a romantic in a prosaic age. He wrote best-selling novels while everyone around him was writing political tracts. Most important of all, he was by birth a Jew in an era when practicing Jews were legally barred from entering the British Parliament. Yet he was twice Prime Minister, a favorite of Queen Victoria's and a dominant figure in British politics for almost four decades. He is, in sum, a man who still dazzles and fascinates.

This four-part Masterpiece Theater series captures some of that elusive charm and appeal. It begins just after the young Disraeli (Ian McShane) has returned from an extended trip through the Middle East. His fiction has made him a celebrity, and he is pursued by the hostesses of society as ardently as he is by his creditors. The women win out and, as they were to do throughout his life, inspire and uplift him. To escape the moneylenders, however, he marries a rich widow twelve years his senior—and immediately falls in love with her. Often silly and foolish, but kind and loyal, his Mary Anne (Mary Peach) becomes, after politics, the passion of his life. "Dizzy married me for my money," she says late in life, "but I think if he had to do it again, he'd do it for love." She was right: Disraeli, that most cynical of all politicians, was also the most romantic of all men.

"I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole," he said when he became Prime Minister, and this series is a capsule history of that slippery ascent. He was able to enter politics only because his father had fought with his synagogue and had had his children baptized as Christians. Disraeli's enemies never forgot his origin, however, and when he was finally elected to Parliament, he was hooted down when he tried to speak. "The time will come when you will hear me," he responded. It was a prediction he made come true through force of will and intellect. Inch by inch he pulled himself up to Downing Street, from which height he outrageously flattered Queen Victoria (Rosemary Leach). But, true to his romantic temperament, he probably believed most of what he said. "I would dare to offer you my heart," he tells her, "but Your Majesty had it long ago."

It was the kind of story that Disraeli the novelist could have written, and perhaps in his own way did. In this version it seems curiously bloodless, however. The women, particularly Peach and Leach, are splendid, and McShane is adequate. The problem is with the producers: there is too much story packed into too little time. One second Disraeli is out of office; the next second he is in—and then out again. *Disraeli* is dizzying indeed. The confusion has been added to by the show's American editors, who have cut approximately half an hour from the four episodes to fit PBS's absurdly rigid time slot. *Love for Lydia*, which was also on Masterpiece Theater, took twelve episodes —and threatened to stretch on through infinity. *Disraeli* takes only four. The viewer feels cheated and wants more, much more. — *Gerald Clarke*

Milestones

BORN. To **Ursula Andress,** 44, Swiss-born film star, and **Harry Hamlin,** 28, film and television actor (*Movie Movie, Studs Lonigan*): a son, their first child; in Los Angeles. Said Andress: "Better late than never."

MARRIED. Marlo Thomas, 42, stage, screen and television actress (*That Girl*), and crusader for the feminist cause; and **Phil Donahue,** 44, popular TV talk-show host and recent bestselling autobiographer (*Donahue, My Own Story*); she for the first time, he for the second; in Beverly Hills, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Danny Thomas.

MARRIED. Edward Villella, 43, longtime star of the New York City Ballet; and **Linda Carbonetto,** 31, Canadian national figure skating champion in 1969, Ice Capades performer, now a figure skating teacher; both for the second time; in New York City.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Anita Bryant, 40, singer and purveyor of orange juice, whose secular concert career has suffered in recent years because of her strident campaigns against gay rights; and **Bob Green,** former disc jockey and until now her manager; after 20 years of marriage, four children; in Miami Beach. Bryant claimed that Green had "violated my very conscience," by cooperating with "certain hired staff members" who she said were trading on her reputation for their personal gain.

DIED. Ida Kaminska, 80, longtime star of the classic Yiddish theater and best known to a wider audience for her role in the Oscar-winning Czech film *The Shop on Main Street* (1965); in New York City. Born to actor parents who had their own company in Warsaw, Kaminska made her stage debut at four, began directing at 17, and, with her first husband, Zygmund Turkow, founded the Warsaw Yiddish Art Theater. She fled the Nazi invasion in 1939, but returned after the war to reorganize her theater. With Polish government support, her troupe gained international renown, but officially inspired "anti-Zionist" attacks following the 1967 Middle East war forced her to emigrate to the U.S. She remained active on the stage and in films (*The Angel Levine*) and never abandoned her dream of rebuilding Yiddish theater as a repository of Jewish culture.

DIED. Carl Ebert, 93, German-born opera manager and stage director; in Santa Monica, Calif. Originally an actor, Ebert moved into the then relatively new field of opera management in Darmstadt in 1927, with as his assistant Rudolf Bing, who later went on to run New York City's Metropolitan Opera for 22 years. Later, Ebert helped found the Glyndebourne Opera Festival and led the Berlin Municipal Opera before and after the Hitler era (which he spent in Britain and the U.S.) until his retirement in 1961.

Industrial Stonehenge: autos at the "Cadillac Ranch" outside Amarillo, Texas, symbolize the nosedive sales trend for U.S. carmakers

Detroit Hits a Roadblock

Automen and consumers share the onus for a lack of small cars

From the Toyota Tercel driver on the Santa Ana Freeway in Los Angeles to the Volkswagen Rabbit owner dodging potholes on the F.D.R. Drive on Manhattan's East Side, the American-built car has become an object of derision and jokes. All too many American drivers now consider the cars they once fawned over to be simply too big, too heavy and too expensive. As car sales continue a yearlong slump and the auto industry faces its gravest crisis ever, an increasingly anxious public is asking: Why can't Detroit build more and better small cars? Why is it so out of step with what consumers need today?

The answer involves a complex series of market misjudgments by Detroit automakers, heavyhanded Washington regulations that distorted the real price of gasoline and fickle consumer tastes that flipped almost overnight from Big is Beautiful to Small is Super.

The industry's problems are staggering. Sales of U.S.-made cars for the middle ten days of May declined 30%; worker layoffs passed the 300,000 mark for the first time last week; and imported cars now command an unprecedented 27% of the domestic auto market. In Detroit, a town once noted for a cocky, can-do attitude, the mood is somber. Says Ford Chairman Philip Caldwell: "There's more at risk in the auto business now than there has been for a long time. Maybe ever."

The country meanwhile continues to struggle with an economic slump that is sure to drive Detroit's depression still deeper. Durable goods orders dropped a steep 4.2% in April, and retail sales declined 1.2%. Spokesman Jody Powell said President Carter now believes that Americans no longer need to heed his imprecation against credit card use and urged them to begin spending more freely again.

The Federal Reserve responded last week to the economic storm clouds by beginning to dismantle the credit restrictions it had imposed only two months ago. This led to expectations that interest rates will continue dropping in the coming weeks. One encouraging omen was that inflation is perhaps beginning to abate at last. Consumer prices during the month of April rose at an annual rate of only 11.4%, down from the first quarter's horrifying 18.1% yearly level.

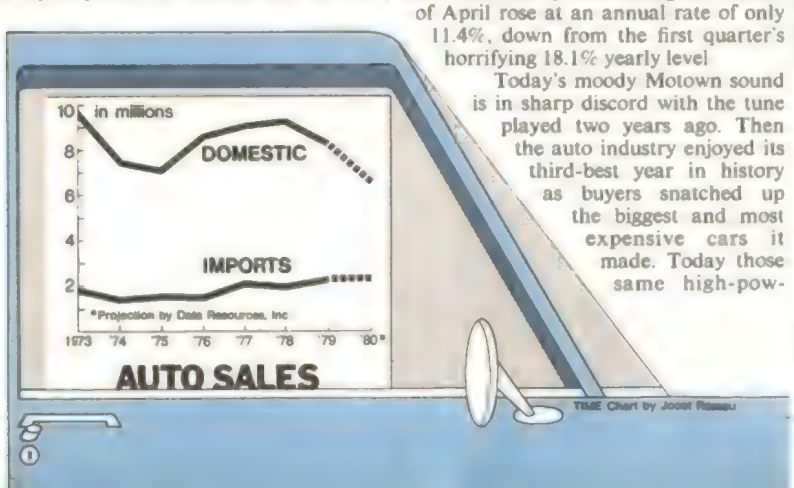
Today's moody Motown sound is in sharp discord with the tune played two years ago. Then the auto industry enjoyed its third-best year in history as buyers snatched up the biggest and most expensive cars it made. Today those same high-powered, six-passenger American cars are an anachronism.

With Detroit-built small cars in short supply and considered by many to be of poor quality, Japan has happily filled the void. This year it will sell 2.2 million cars to U.S. drivers. The Japanese auto industry, which was only growing up a decade ago, will produce more automobiles this year than its American counterpart.

Ever since 1913, when Henry Ford fired up the world's first moving assembly line in Highland Park, Mich., to build Model Ts and began paying workers the then unthinkable salary of $5 a day, Detroit has been the center of the American automobile business. All five of the country's automakers (including Volkswagen of America) have their headquarters in Detroit or one of its suburbs.

The industry has become remarkably homogeneous. It likes to hire its future leaders young; both General Motors and Chrysler operate degree-granting institutes. Competitive pressures push ambitious employees to put in eleven-hour days and six-day weeks if they aspire to the top. Men who make it (and there are virtually no women in top management posts) have spent 25 years or more within their companies.

Dedicated Detroit automen have learned a single purpose in life: to design, build and sell cars that will reap the highest return on the company's investment. Profits traditionally have come from volume and from trading customers up to larger, more expensive "prestige" models. Traditionally a Cadillac cost several hundred dollars more to make than a Chevrolet, but it returned GM a profit of several thousand dollars more. Detroit denies that it rejects new ideas because they are



"not invented here," but the industry has been slow to adopt such innovations as disc brakes and radial tires, both extensively used in Europe for a decade. Detroit was equally slow to react to the growing energy shortage.

For reasons of profit and tradition, GM, Ford and Chrysler for years could see little incentive to build small cars. In failing to do so, they ignored a market niche that was first taken advantage of by tiny American Motors Corp. (which commands only 1.5% of the auto market *vs.* GM's 48%) and increasingly exploited by aggressive foreign manufacturers. First the Germans and then the Japanese found it relatively easy to divert to the U.S. autos built for smaller roads and with more expensive energy markets in mind.

In both 1959 and 1970, the Big Three introduced new small cars to fight the imports. But successful small models such as the Ford Falcon grew heavier and weighted down with options. Others, such as GM's Corvair and Vega, which were widely criticized for poor engineering, sold badly. The imports rebounded unharmed from both assaults. Sales of imported cars, just 498,785 in 1960, had more than tripled by 1973.

When oil was first shut off in the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo, Detroit found itself in serious trouble. Because American automen had few small cars to sell, customers flocked to imported models. By then foreign-built cars had won a reputation for fuel efficiency that most U.S. cars could not approach.

The Big Three were further stung when Congress imposed stringent fuel economy standards. These dictated that each manufacturer's fleet of cars would achieve 18 m.p.g. by 1978, increasing each year, to 27.5 m.p.g. by 1985. Already burdened by costly safety and emission standards, Detroit screamed that the mileage standards were ruinous. With the lead time for all-new cars a minimum of five years, the industry felt it scarcely had time to comply.

In fact, each company already had begun to wrestle with the problem of getting more miles per gallon of gas out of its cars. GM, which stood to lose the most since it had the strongest lineup of big cars, attacked the problem forthrightly. In July 1972, well before any shortages of oil, the company had set up an energy task force. Less than a year later it decided to shrink its car line, beginning with full-size models in the 1977 model-year, and to build new compacts like the Chevrolet Citation that would be introduced starting in 1979.

In 1974 Ford seemed in the best position to ride out the fuel crisis. In addition to the Pinto subcompact, the company was producing the compact Maverick, a successfully promoted economy car. But Ford lacked GM's financial strength and was ruled autocratically by Henry Ford II. The company had decided to introduce a restyled Maverick as the Ford Fairmont and Mercury Zephyr in 1978. But Henry Ford vetoed a decision to spend some $2 billion on a domestically built front-wheel-drive subcompact. Instead he opted to proceed with the less expensive downsizing of the Ford LTD and others.

The decision was disastrous. When LTD reruns arrived on the market in the fall of 1978, they sold poorly. Ford had no modern U.S.-built subcompacts for a market that would soon demand fuel-sipping models. Confessed Henry Ford: "We misread where the market is today. We're not as well prepared for it as we should

Easing Up on the Pedal

While awaiting Detroit's new fuel-efficient cars, American drivers are already hitting the brakes on gasoline consumption. Gas sales have declined nationwide so far this year, by more than 12% in some states, and the use of car pools and public transportation is up almost everywhere. In Michigan, state police were rationed a single tankful per week for chasing speeders, until the legislature gave them emergency funds last week to buy more gas. In rural Iowa, where energy experts once insisted that gasoline was as vital as corn, gas consumption fell 12.3% in the first quarter.

The reason is clear: consumers increasingly battered by the recession are simply changing their driving and commuting habits and switching to gas-frugal imports. Appeals to patriotism or anti-OPEC tirades were not as effective in forcing conservation as the rise in gas prices. Says Thomas Halloran, a student at Boston College: "I'm driving less, but it's not due to an effort to conserve gas. I'm basically influenced by price."

Gas at the pump is already about 55% higher than last spring—$1.20 for a gallon of regular, *vs.* 77¢ last year—and sure to go up again soon. Prices now range from $1.14 in San Antonio to $1.27 in Chicago. Deputy Energy Secretary John Sawhill said last week that gasoline prices would soon increase up to 8¢ per gal., owing to decontrol of domestic crude oil prices and further OPEC rises. In a recent Gallup poll, 87% of those surveyed said that higher prices had pushed them to reform their driving habits. Even in auto-erotic Los Angeles, the number of car pool applications received by the state transportation department has quadrupled. Drivers along the Santa Monica Freeway now seem to believe the flashing signs warning SAVE GAS: NOW OR NEVER. In nearby Orange County, a showcase of suburbia, bus ridership is up 52%.

As summer approaches, gas prices are changing vacation habits. The American Automobile Association says requests for travel planning are off 12.9% this year. "Gas prices make driving to Florida impossible," says Paul Polsky, a pharmacist in Troy, Mich. "We'll spend vacation in the state."

The slump in gasoline consumption has meant a boom for public transportation. Intercity bus ridership was up 10% in the first quarter of the year, a sharp reversal for an industry that has gone mostly downhill since World War II. Amtrak's business from October through March was up 11% on long-distance train routes and 17% on shorter runs. Biggest gainers are trips out of Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit and New York, which were traditionally the domain of auto travel. Riding on the rails between Los Angeles and San Diego is up a sharp 35%. For more and more drivers the slogan "See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet" is becoming as antique as penny postcards, high button shoes and buggy whips.

be, and we're late. It's a big mistake."

Chrysler, with its Plymouth Valiant and Dodge Dart, was surprisingly strong in small cars in the early 1970s. It also judged trends correctly by beginning development of the Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon in 1975. However the cash-poor company could not afford to build its own four-cylinder engines for the cars and had to make a contract with Volkswagen for the German company to provide 300,000 a year. Last year Chrysler could have sold more than 300,000 of these cars, but it was unable to get enough engines to meet demand

This was not the least of Chrysler's problems Through the '70s the company was hampered by poor new model launches and heavy debt load. Last year's sales slump sent the company to Washington looking for federal aid

Ironically, just as Detroit was taking its first tentative steps toward adapting to a fuel-short world, American consumers reversed themselves. When gas lines disappeared in the spring of 1974, so did the public's interest in small cars. Or at least so it seemed. Detroit introduced cash rebates for the first time in 1975—to move small cars off the lots. By 1976 the hottest sellers were small pickup trucks, vans and four-wheel drive Jeeps Says American Motor Corp. President Paul Tippett ruefully: "Consumers buy what they want."

Potpourri of losers underscores the squeeze on Detroit

Bulging inventories, a closed dealer and bad-bet Falcons and Vegas.

The auto-buying public's splurge on big cars was encouraged by the Federal Government's ill-conceived energy policy. Because of a complicated pricing system in which cheaper domestic oil holds down the cost of imported crude, the U.S. driver was enjoying Government-subsidized fuel. Between 1974 and 1978, gasoline prices actually declined 5% in real terms. With no lines at the pump and relatively inexpensive gas, people had no real incentive to buy small cars. Says Transportation Secretary Neil Goldschmidt: "There was an opportunity that was missed in 1973-74 at the time of the embargo to send a message about fuel economy and energy." The renewed interest in big cars peaked in the fall of 1978, just as the Shah of Iran was toppling and the world was heading for another energy crunch. There were waiting lists for big Ford LTDs and Dodge St. Regises. GM was considering converting a Chevette plant to the production of full-size models, and Ford was rationing V-8 engines. But when gas lines developed in the spring of 1979, history repeated itself as farce. Consumers again demanded small cars, which the American industry could not provide. This time the Japanese were ready to step in and seize the market

Detroit argues with validity that not even the best intelligence in the world could have predicted the oil supply cutoffs and staggering price increases of the past seven years. But there is now no longer any doubt that big cars are dead. "The large cars that we've known really belong in a museum," says Ford's Caldwell. By 1985 Detroit will be ready with a complete line of autos no larger than the compact Ford Fairmont. But the enormous complexities of the industry prevent it from modernizing any faster than that. New small cars with totally redesigned engines and transmissions require new plants and facilities to build them. The time from drawing board to showroom floor can take up to seven years

The industry's task is made still more difficult because it is caught in a massive cash squeeze to pay for building the new cars. That is a burdensome task for mighty GM, whose first quarter profits were off 88%. And it is an extraordinarily difficult one for Ford, which lost $164 million during 1980's first three months. In effect, the auto companies must sell off their fleets of outdated autos in order to earn the money to produce the next generation of vehicles. Detroit every year is spending $13 billion on the needed plants and machinery. That is more than it cost the oil companies to build the Alaska pipeline

Perhaps the greatest challenge to the Big Three will be winning back customers who have defected to the Japanese or Europeans. Says United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser: "Once a consumer purchases a car that is well engineered, has good durability, is well serviced by dealers, logic dictates they're going back to where they've had good experience." Though GM has been able to maintain nearly all its market share during the past six months at 47%, Chrysler's has fallen from 7.7% to 6.4%, and Ford's has slumped from 20.1% to 15.3%

But the industry is counterattacking All three major companies are bringing out new smaller cars beginning this fall. Chrysler has its K cars, which are similar in size to GM's compact X cars. Ford will bring out its new Escort and Mercury Lynx. GM will continue downsizing its fleet with the introduction of its J car subcompacts.*

In addition, the industry is trying to shore up the quality and reputation of its products. Some critics argue that Detroit's myriad models and options have always made quality control more difficult for U.S. manufacturers, while foreign automakers have stuck more closely to their basic products. Industry executives now say they should stop comparing quality among themselves and look overseas. Ford has been sending delegations of engineers to the Far East to find out what Japan is doing right. Says Caldwell: "We've found some very interesting things, and we're not at all too proud to use them."

The auto sales slide is likely to continue for months to come. The new front-wheel-drive small cars will not all be introduced until April 1981. The task the industry faces will be the most difficult since Henry Ford rolled out the first Model T. Detroit, the city that put the world on wheels, must once again prove to its American customers that it knows how to build reliable, efficient and economical automobiles. ■

*The auto companies traditionally designate new model lines during development with a single letter. The letters are given arbitrarily and do not follow any particular sequence

Shoveling coal near Tacoma synfuel plant

Synfuel Success

Thumbs up for ersatz oil

For over three years Jimmy Carter has been bedeviled in his attempts to have Congress pass a coherent national energy policy. But last week he moved an important step closer to succeeding in the effort. After nearly six months of haggling and bargaining, House and Senate conferees finally agreed to the broad outlines of the third, and in some ways most important, part of Carter's 1979 energy package: a $20 billion program of federally subsidized synthetic fuel plants, plus close to $6 billion in related energy spending.

Even while the conferees were acting, foreign oil producers were once again showing the U.S. just how vulnerable it is to the pricing whims of the 13-nation OPEC cartel. After a four-month calm, price-raise fever broke out anew among cartel members, as one nation after another began tacking $1 and $2 premiums to the cost of various grades of crude.

The leader this time was Saudi Arabia, which unilaterally added $2 to the $26 per bbl. that it already charges. The largest OPEC producer argued that with worldwide demand for oil weak, such an increase would somehow restore "order and unity" to the crazy-quilt patchwork of global oil prices. Yet hardly had the Saudis acted than Libya, Kuwait, Iraq and the United Arab Emirates announced matching increases of their own.

Together, the rises are expected to drain at least $20 billion out of the treasuries of oil-importing nations. They will also add anywhere from 1¢ to 2¢ per gal. to U.S. gasoline prices. That in turn is beginning to raise some doubt as to whether inflation, which the White House hopes will show substantial improvement by late summer, will actually decline by that much after all.

The synfuel legislation does nothing to ease the immediate OPEC squeeze, but its long-range effect will be important. Initially, Carter had called for a ten-year, $88 billion effort to construct a network of synfuel plants that could produce up to 2.5 million bbl. of crude oil per day out of coal, shale rock and tar sands. That would enable the nation to cut its projected consumption of imported oil about one-third by 1990. The House-Senate conferees accepted the ultimate goal of the program as set by the President but slowed the pace of spending. Instead of a crash effort that would probably lead to waste and contracting boondoggles, the synfuel project is now to be broken into two stages. The first will be a four-year period, with up to $20 billion in federal spending. In a second phase, as much as $68 billion more in federal money could become available.

The entire $88 billion will be used, in effect, as a "sweetener" in the form of loan, purchase, and price guarantees to lure private industry into the synfuel business. Though more than two dozen small-scale synfuel projects are already either being constructed or operated around the country, many oilmen remain unenthusiastic about starting up plants of their own. The technology for synfuels is expensive and cumbersome, and even though petroleum prices seem to climb higher almost daily, synfuel continues to be one of the costliest and least competitive of all energy sources.

In addition to the money for synfuels, which will be administered in large part by a Synthetic Fuels Corporation reminiscent of the Energy Security Corporation that Carter had initially proposed, the bill also contains a nearly $6 billion grab bag of energy odds and ends. Included are $3 billion for various solar and conservation programs over the next three to four years, $850 million in subsidies to spur the commercial production of ethanol, which can be mixed with gasoline to make gasohol and $600 million for biomass energy, such as that derived from turning municipal garbage into fuel. Finally, the bill included a provision to fill the National Strategic Petroleum Reserve. For months the Department of Energy has delayed buying oil for the reserve largely because of opposition from Saudi Arabia. The 750 million-bbl. stockpile of oil would be used in case of another cutoff of petroleum from the Middle East.

Minor details of the bill still remain to be resolved, and Congress has yet to give its final approval to the creation of an Energy Mobilization Board, which is designed to cut through bureaucratic red tape and get the synfuel plants and other priority energy projects completed. Yet last week's action by the congressional conferees essentially completes work on the omnibus energy package that Carter proposed almost one year ago. ■

Heir Apparent?

A jolly giant comes to CBS

Just two weeks after sacking his last heir apparent, CBS's founder and chairman, William Paley, has found yet another—the fifth CBS president in ten years and the third in less than four years. Paley's newest anointed: Thomas H. Wyman, vice chairman of Pillsbury Co. The new chief executive was wooed by a deal that sounded like the signing of a major league pitching star—a $1 million bonus plus a three-year contract for $800,000 annually.

Wyman, 50, has spent a nervous career waiting for several top jobs. From 1965 to 1975 he was an executive at Polaroid and was once thought to be the likely successor to Founder Edwin H. Land. In 1974 he was named by TIME as one of 200 future American leaders. He left Polaroid to head Green Giant Co. Under his direction, the Chaska, Minn., food processor bounded from $293 million annual sales to $485 million in 1978, when it merged with Pillsbury. The 6-ft. 3-in. Wyman, a Phi Beta Kappa at Amherst College (he wrote his senior thesis on the poetry of William Butler Yeats), scarcely concealed from friends and executive recruiters that he was tired of being No. 2 at Pillsbury.

Uneasy lies the head of the heir apparent at CBS, however. Paley, 78, suffers from the virus so common among corporate founding fathers: an inability to turn over control of the firms they built to younger managers. Nonetheless, Wyman insisted last week, "I don't have the kind of anxiety that everyone feels I should have."

Last month Paley axed John Backe, 47, who had earned industry-wide respect in his three years, seven months at CBS. Wyman was apparently dickering with the company before Paley ousted Backe. Backe reportedly heard that Paley had begun looking for a successor and asked CBS board members for a vote of support. When they failed to give it to him, he resigned.

CBS's Wyman

In past years Paley balked at giving real authority to three other presidents: Frank Stanton, Charles Ireland and Arthur Taylor, all of whom were well regarded for their managerial talents. Stanton was forced to retire, Ireland died after less than a year on the job, and Taylor was fired. Said former CBS Programming Chief Michael Dann last week: "The presidency of CBS is not known as the softest couch in town." But Wyman may have reread Yeats' "The Lake Isle of Innisfree": "And I shall have some peace there." ■

Top-Dollar Jobs

Executive pay and perks

Who earned what last year? Jimmy Carter, President of the U.S.: $200,000. Nolan Ryan, pitcher for the Houston Astros: $1 million. Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO: $98,000. Barbara Walters, TV interviewer: $1 million. Judith Krantz, author of *Princess Daisy:* about $2.2 million. Frank Rosenfelt, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the nation's best paid businessman: $5.1 million.

Everyone knows that a million is not what it used to be, yet the ranks of well-paid entertainers, sportsmen and businessmen are growing. The exclusive club of executives earning more than $1 million grew from only four members in 1977 to 13 in 1978 and to 33 last year, according to the compensation consulting firm Sibson & Co. While major union wage settlements averaged an 8.8% increase, the pay of top executives climbed 15%.

Most of these top earners worked in industries that did well despite the worsening economy, particularly in entertainment, energy and aerospace. MGM, where earnings rose 25% thanks in part to hotel and casino revenues and the profitable licensing of TV rights to *Gone With the Wind*, boasted two officers in the top 15 in addition to Rosenfelt: Executive Vice President Barrie Brunet ($2.5 million) and Board Director James Aljian ($1.8 million). Two of Mobil Corp.'s top executives were also in the millionaires' club: Chairman Rawleigh Warner Jr. ($4.3 million) and President William Tavoulareas ($2.3 million). The fourth top earner was Richard Vieser, executive vice president of the electrical equipment manufacturer McGraw-Edison ($2.6 million).

Rosenfelt, MGM, $5.1 million

Warner, Mobil, $4.3 million

Brunet, MGM, $2.5 million

Ross, Warner, $3.9 million

Only a few of the top moneymakers, such as Steven Ross, chairman of Warner Communications ($3.9 million), won their seven-figure pay packets solely through salaries and bonuses. Lee Iaccoca, chairman of Chrysler ($1.3 million), qualified for the group by the $1 million he got from the ailing automaker to compensate for the severance pay he lost upon leaving Ford. Most earned their keep by hitching their fortunes to their companies' performances on Wall Street and cashing in on previously granted stock options. For many of the $1 million earners, stock-related income accounted for more than half of the total compensation.

With taxes taking a bite out of even the biggest paychecks, more and more companies are offering plush perks to executives in lieu of hard cash. A new generation of status symbols is growing up to replace the old ones, which tended to be corner offices or "a Bigelow on the floor." Among the most popular for this age of anxiety is protection from financial and physical danger. For financial security, many firms provide expensive investment counseling to help executives find tax shelters. At the Manhattan law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, one partner spends his entire time investing and sheltering his colleagues' earnings.

Physical protection is now another, necessary, status symbol. Sperry Rand hired a retired FBI agent to travel overseas to check security arrangements for executives. High executives at Atlantic Richfield, Standard Oil of California and other oil companies typically move from office to limousine to private jet accompanied by bodyguards.

Corporations, however, have a host of signs to separate the wheat from the chaff among those climbing the corporate ladder. Bank of America employees, for example, know that they have made it when they are given stationery with the bank's logo in gold rather than black ink. One of the most elaborate status classifications is at Ford, where employees are graded on a scale of 1 (clerks and secretaries) to 27 (chairman of the board). Grade 9, the lowest level of executive, carries the right to an outside parking place, while Grade 13 brings a larger office, windows, plants, an intercom system and a secretary. Grade 16ers get an office with a private lavatory, signed Christmas cards from the chairman, an indoor parking space and their company cars washed and gassed on request.

The newest power perk is to do away with an old status symbol, the Mussolini-size desk. Now the office at the top should not even look like an office but resemble a living room, complete with coffee tables, comfortable sofas and original art on the walls. Brandon Stoddard, president of ABC Motion Pictures, works behind a big marble table, while Designer Calvin Klein works in the modern mode of couches and comfort. Explains Office Designer Charles Winecoff: "Executives are getting away from the idea of a big, formal desk because most of their business really is conversation." For many businessmen, less can mean more. ■

American Krugerrands

Despite Congress's decision six years ago to permit U.S. citizens to hold gold for the first time since 1933, few Americans were able to buy domestic gold. The smallest quantity offered by the Treasury Department in its monthly auctions before they were canceled last October was a 300-oz. bar that sold for as much as $118,000. A Midas with a smaller touch usually turned to the popular 1-oz. South African Krugerrand, which sells for about $25 more than the spot price for gold (last week's closing: $510).

Throughout the years the South Africans had a virtual corner on the small-investor gold market, selling an estimated 1 million Krugerrands in the U.S. annually. But competition has been getting stronger. Last year the Canadian government began selling its 1-oz. Gold Maple Leaf, and this spring the Mexicans started promoting the Centenario. Beginning this month Americans will also be able to buy 1-oz. and ½-oz. medallions made from Fort Knox gold.

These will be medallions—and not gold coins—and thus cannot be used at the corner drugstore. They will be sold through post offices, with the cost being set at the daily gold price plus a handling charge of about $15. The ½-oz. version will bear a portrait of Singer Marian Anderson, and Painter Grant Wood appears on the 1-oz. piece. Over the next five years a total of ten medallions will be issued, honoring American artists ranging from Mark Twain to Louis Armstrong. Since less than 4% of the population currently hold gold, precious-metals dealers foresee a continued bull market in bullion.

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An angry Love Canaler berating county legislature

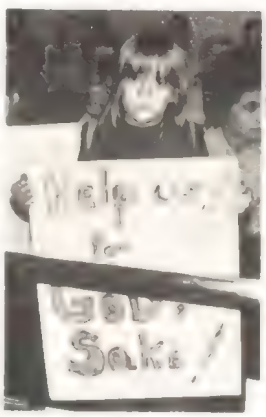
Homeowners Leader Lois Gibbs relaying the word from Washington

Environment

The Neighborhood of Fear

Carter orders a further evacuation from polluted Love Canal

Robert Kott loved the small, neat home overlooking Black Creek in the southeastern corner of Niagara Falls, N.Y., a grimy industrial town near the Canadian border. In the 14 years since he acquired it the muscular chemical worker has spent thousands of dollars and hundreds of hours painting, insulating and otherwise caring for his precious property. But last week Kott called it quits, shuttering up the house and fleeing with his wife Joann and their five children, ages seven to 15. Said he: "I don't mind telling you we've been scared for a long time, scared for our lives."



Support from the young

So, too, were many of the Kotts' neighbors. Over 700 families in all, they live around Love Canal, the notorious, stinking chemical sewer that has become a symbol of the country's growing toxic waste problem. For the past two years, one report after another has told harrowing tales of noxious odors leaking into homes, of sinister-colored sludge seeping into basements, of children playing in potholes of pollutants and, worst of all, of abnormally high rates of miscarriages and birth defects, of nerve, respiratory, liver and kidney disorders and of assorted cancers among the people of Love Canal.

When the nature of this "toxic time bomb finally became fully understood in 1978, New York State relocated 239 families whose homes were closest to the dump (cost: $37 million). But many homeowners who were left behind in the surrounding streets remained convinced that the malignancy of Love Canal had spread beyond what the state called this "first circle" of contamination. And they have been clamoring ever since for help—from the local government, the state, Washington, anyone.

Last week President Carter finally responded to their pleas. Following the disclosure of still another study reinforcing the residents' worst fears—that the chemical wastes may be causing genetic damage—Carter declared a state of emergency in the area, and empowered New York State and the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency to undertake the temporary relocation of 710 families. Among them: the Kotts, three of whose children show a frightening tendency toward convulsions.

At costs that may run in excess of $30 million, the evacuees will be placed with relatives or friends, in motels and hotels and in a nearby Army barracks for up to a year, while further tests are made to see if they can ever go back home, assuming they would want to. Even so, the anguished people of Love Canal, who would like Washington to buy them out, were not entirely satisfied. Before the President's action, they held two EPA officials hostage for nearly six hours inside the abandoned house they use as headquarters. They also staged a sit-in in the county legislative chamber. Said Mrs. Lois Gibbs, 29, president of the Love Canal Homeowners Association: "It's not what we want, and it's not what we intend to get. But at least it guarantees us clean, safe places to sleep while the Government makes up its mind about its next step."

So anxious were residents to seek sanctuary outside what New York's Governor Hugh Carey called this "neighborhood of fear" that some quickly started loading up their cars and departing within hours of the Washington announcement. Explained Walter Mikula, 55, a construction worker who suffers from a neurological disorder: "You try to forget what's in the ground, in the air, in your home. But you can't. You can't put it out of your mind for a minute." "Nobody should," interjected Mrs. Gibbs. "It's an awful story."

The story began in the late 19th century when a

Cleanup crew putting a new clay covering over Love Canal

flamboyant entrepreneur named William T. Love started building the canal as part of a scheme to industrialize Niagara Falls. But no more than a trench about a mile long and 15 yds. wide was ever dug. In the late 1940s and early '50s, the abandoned canal's new owner, Hooker Chemical & Plastics Corp., used it as a convenient dump for the myriad toxic byproducts of its wares, including the residues of various powerful pesticides. In all, Hooker deposited some 20,000 tons of chemical wastes into the old waterway—mostly contained in 55-gal. steel drums—before finally covering it up with dirt. In 1953 Hooker deeded the newly filled land to the Niagara Falls Board of Education for $1 as the site of a new school. And soon modest one-family homes began sprouting above the chemical graveyard.

From the start, many residents were uneasy. Children who went swimming in a pond on the canal site developed painful skin rashes. Youngsters were burned when they picked up "fire rocks," chunks of phosphorus that exploded when tossed against the school's brick walls. Residents also noticed an eerie luminescence over the dump site on damp summer nights.

Inside nearby houses, thick, gummy substances began oozing through cellar walls and clogging sump pumps. Some houses were pervaded by strange smells that occupants said gave them headaches. Most puzzling, the incidence of serious illness, including cancer, was much higher in this neighborhood than in other areas of Niagara Falls. Miscarriages seemed to occur frequently; and so many children were born with birth defects that street signs were posted warning motorists of deaf youngsters. Two of Alice Kline's children are troubled; one is hyperactive, another developed an ulcer-like stomach condition at age seven. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Peter Stoler last week, she admitted: "I used to think that our house was cursed by a devil."

By 1978 the people of Love Canal got vivid proof that their devil was manmade. Heavy rains turned the former canal into a quagmire of mud, puddled here and there by iridescent pools that fumed and bubbled. The landfill's topsoil began to wash away, revealing Hooker's metal casks, some of them badly corroded and leaking their caustic contents. Says one state environmental official: "It was like a Hieronymus Bosch painting; it really looked like hell."

Analysis revealed that the dump contained more than 80 different chemicals, including polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), hexachlorocyclopentadiene (or C-56 for short), benzene, toluene, tetrachloroethylene and other polysyllabic byproducts of pesticide production. Some, like the powerful solvent dioxin, are suspected carcinogens. Still others cause anemia, loss of hair, seizures and skin rashes.

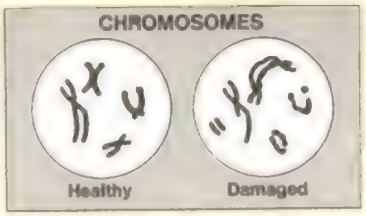
Following the flight of the first group of families, the state began constructing a drainage system aimed at preventing the chemicals stored in the corroding barrels from seeping into any more homes. But it got scant help from Hooker, which is now the target of a barrage of lawsuits totaling several billion dollars by the U.S. Justice Department, New York State and various residents. The company has consistently reminded critics that at the time it was done the dumping was legal and that it had waived all responsibility for the property when it was turned over to the school board. Hooker also insists there is no positive proof that its chemicals are to blame for the variety of illnesses.

True enough, but the circumstantial case seems to be getting stronger. Last December Mrs. Gibbs, in her own informal survey, found that only two of the eight women in the Love Canal area who gave birth in 1978 and 1979 had delivered normal babies. In March, Cancer Researcher Beverly Paigen of the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in nearby Buffalo told congressional investigators that the miscarriage rate among women in the contaminated sector was a startling 25.2% compared with 8.5% before they moved into the neighborhood. But what triggered the latest crisis was a study showing an unusually high incidence of serious genetic damage among people living in the area. Conducted for the EPA by a small Houston-based research lab, Biogenics Corp., the study showed abnormalities in the chromosomes of eleven of the 36 area residents who were tested.

Federal officials had hoped to review and double-check the findings, which quickly came under attack, before releasing them. But the report was leaked to some residents as well as the press. So, with little forewarning, a team of EPA officials rushed to Niagara Falls, borrowed the Homeowners Association building and called in the study participants one by one to tell them the test results.

For the eleven the news was devastating. "It was just the last straw," says Phyllis Whitenight. Both she and her husband Leonard, a printer, had chromosome abnormalities. In 1975 she lost a breast to cancer. Their son, Kevin, 10, has had unexplained stomach problems. Their daughter, Debbie, 26, was plagued as a child by rashes on her legs and throat infections; three years ago she miscarried. Said Whitenight: "We've lived in fear for a long time. Now we'll wonder what we've passed on to the children."

Barbara Quimby, 29, shares those fears. Her daughter, Brandy, 8, is mentally retarded. Another daughter, Courtney, 3, suffers severe breathing problems. Now Quimby has been told by a doctor that her own chromosome abnormalities increase her chances of developing cancer as well as raising the risk of birth defects in any more children she might bear. Says she, fighting back the tears: "It gets to you, it really does." ■



Genetic Flap

The finding of chromosome abnormalities in residents of the Love Canal area was hardly surprising. It has long been known that the 46 pairs of rodlike structures that carry the genetic message in the nuclei of human cells can be damaged by environmental factors, including certain chemicals. When that happens, the message may become jumbled, possibly increasing the risk of cancer. Some scientists say chromosome damage may also be linked with birth defects and spontaneous abortion. But were the tests conducted by Houston's Biogenics Corp. for the EPA a true index of genetic mayhem from Love Canal?

Biogenics examined lymphocytes, or white blood cells, from 36 residents. In eleven it found problems—fragments of chromosomes, aberrant rings formed out of broken chromosome bits. That suggested 30% had chromosome damage, compared with less than 1% nationally. But other scientists considered the tests far from conclusive. They had been given to people who already had health complaints rather than to a random sampling of Love Canalers. Nor did Biogenics follow the usual procedure of comparing the results with studies of cells from a control group of similar age and sex. Other factors—radiation, drugs or viruses—could have produced similar results.

Confronted by this criticism, Biogenics' scientific director, Dante Picciano, refused to cooperate with EPA in an independent review. He also challenged the assertion that the study was biased toward those already ill: "We did not know who was sick and who wasn't. The people were selected primarily on the basis of where they lived."

Whatever the case, shortly after the Biogenics findings became public, the results of another incriminating study were disclosed. Two Buffalo researchers, Drs. Beverly Paigen and Stephen Barron, found hints of peripheral nerve damage (as indicated by the slowing of electrical impulses through the nerves) and related ailments, in a group of 35 Love Canal residents.

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Ray Grebey and Marvin Miller after the final bargaining session

Sport

Clutch Compromise in the Ninth

A last-minute deal averts a major league player strike

As the major league baseball contract talks moved into the bottom of the ninth last week, the deadlock took on a fantastical quality. Here were the owners demanding in effect an agreement that would protect them from themselves. Here were the players, who make an average of $130,000 a year, threatening to strike like a bunch of coolies. Fans everywhere could only hope that both sides would come to their senses before a summer's entertainment was dashed.

Shortly before 5 a.m. Friday, a bleary-eyed Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association, and Ray Grebey, the owners' negotiator, shook hands on what Miller called a "miracle" agreement that averted a walkout by the players. Left unresolved was the pivotal question of how a club should be compensated when one of its players turns free agent and is hired away by another team. But it appeared that the owners left the bargaining table with a narrow victory on this point, while losing gracefully on pensions and salaries. Admitted Phil Garner, second baseman and player representative for the Pittsburgh Pirates: "We had to give up a great deal to get a settlement. We don't know if it's going to be worth it in the long haul."

The current compensation procedure, under which a team losing a free agent is awarded an extra pick in the annual draft of amateur players, will remain in effect this year. The issue will be renegotiated next January, after a review by a committee of player and management representatives. If no agreement results, the owners can impose their own compensation formula. The players reserved the right to strike in response.

Under the owners' proposal, any club signing a "premier" free agent (basically, one drafted by eight or more teams) would have to compensate the player's old team with someone from its own 40-man roster (up to 18 players could be protected). But few clubs would risk signing any free agent but a superstar under that condition. The proposal is designed to damp the salary explosion that has occurred since the reserve clause, which bound players to their original teams, was overturned by an arbitrator in 1975. Today even middling players are being given $300,000 contracts. Unable to restrain themselves, the owners demanded statutory relief. Said Houston Astros Owner John McMullen: "You just can't permit salaries to keep escalating like this."

The players won some major pocketbook concessions. The minimum salary for a first-year player, now $21,000, goes to $30,000 this season and $35,000 by 1983. The ball clubs' annual pension contribution rises from $8.3 million to $15.5 million, boosting retirement benefits 60%. At age 50, a ten-year player can now collect $1,488 a month.

Both the players' Miller and the owners' Grebey expressed satisfaction with the accord. "It's good for everybody," said Grebey. "The fans are going to see ball games, and that's really what counts." Indeed, the fear of sharply adverse public reaction to a strike kept both sides plugging away until a solution was found. Said Chicago White Sox Owner Bill Veeck: "We have enough disasters—Iran, Afghanistan, Miami, the economy. People need something that is stable. A strike would have been disastrous for the game and a disservice to the country." ■

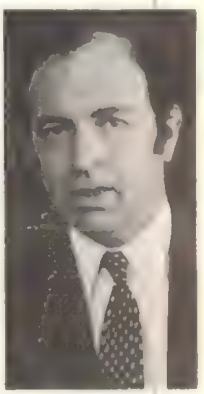
Press

Sunny *Saturday*

A new owner for the Review

When Carll Tucker bought the august *Saturday Review* in 1977, he described its typical reader as "somebody's aunt." Unable to attract a younger audience of nieces and nephews, Tucker, 28, sold the ailing magazine last week to Robert I. Weingarten, 38, owner of *Financial World* (circ. 59,000), an investment magazine. The purchase price was not revealed. Says Tucker, who will stay on as editor of *Saturday Review* (circ. 500,000): "Going at the speed we were going at, we weren't going to get from here to there."

Founded in 1924, *Saturday Review* flourished in the '50s and '60s as a staid journal of politics and literature under longtime Editor Norman Cousins. In 1971 it was sold to entrepreneurs Nicolas Charney and John Veronis, who turned the magazine into four separate monthlies on arts, education, science and society. The new format was confusing to readers and financially ruinous. *Saturday Review* went bankrupt in 1973, and Cousins came to the rescue. He ran it for the next four years and converted it to a fortnightly. Under Tucker, the magazine added more reportage and brighter graphics. But it continued losing between $500,000 and $1 million a year. (To keep losses from going even higher, Tucker changed it back to a monthly with the May issue, out this week.) Earlier this year, Tucker came close to selling the magazine to CBS, but the communications giant bailed out at the last moment.



Buyer Weingarten

Weingarten plans to focus his new property more narrowly on the arts, introduce a new design and make more generous use of color. He says, "There is a traditional interest among *Saturday Review* readers in books, movies, theater, recordings and cultural travel, like the Cannes Film Festival. The magazine has not been talking to those interests." Though proud of *Saturday Review's* heritage, Weingarten insists he is not embarked on a sentimental journey. Says he: "Magazines have to be run to make money." ■

Seller Tucker

Theater

Jest Match

A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING
by John Ford Noonan

Whatever the sociological pressure gauges are recording on the state of women's lib, Playwright Noonan has written a lighter-than-air comedy on female bonding.

At first glance, the women in this two-character play seem singularly unbondable. Maude Mix (Susan Sarandon) is a prim, orderly Westchester housewife. Her decorator-designed kitchen qualifies as a picture spread in *Better Homes and Gardens*, and her life seems to mirror her kitchen.

Brennan and Sarandon in *White Chicks*

Folding laundry or disco dancing.

When the curtain rises, Maude is meticulously folding laundry and baking chocolate chip cookies for charity. As if to modify these rituals, she breaks into a wild disco dance to the strains of *Gimme Shelter*.

Enter her new lawn-distance neighbor. Hannah Mae Bindler (Eileen Brennan), a Lone-Star State émigrée, is wearing a garish outfit, and her accessories are an unstoppered tongue and the musk of a rampant libido. Culture clash soon gives way to kaffeeklatsch. Maude reveals that her husband is off on one of his adulterous secretarial safaris. Despite having suffered the occasional infidelity, Hannah Mae claims that her husband Carl Joe "don't take a breath unless I say, 'Carl Joe, breathe.' "

The two women head for Manhattan and a weekend of retaliatory hedonism. They swear to enjoy a monthly weekend sabbatical from their spouses. Maude delivers an impassioned emancipation proclamation. Smashing jars of preserves on the immaculate floor, she vows: "I hereby relinquish my addiction to everything being where it oughta be! . . . I salute the few guys who have something to offer and wish death on the rest!!"

In *White Chicks*, Noonan seems to put forth the disputable proposition that if women act as predators and treat men as sex objects, the grievances between the sexes will be solved. Mostly he concentrates on his strength, which is poker-faced parodies of attitudes and language, and he plays his best lines close to the jest.

Director Dorothy Lyman has meshed the two women's disparate natures with the controlled firmness of the potter's hand. Brennan has the personality of a vulnerable bulldozer, while Sarandon arcs over and under her emotional crises like a dolphin. — *T.E. Kalem*

Pure Magic

BLACKSTONE!
Directed and Choreographed by Kevin Carlisle

"Magic," said Harry Blackstone, the great magician, is "nothing but pure psychology—applied in the right place." That is probably as succinct a definition of the illusionist's art as anyone will ever come up with. What Blackstone discovered was not that audiences can be fooled. It was rather that they long to be fooled and are willing accomplices along the way.

Before he died in 1965, Blackstone apparently gave most of his secrets, and much of his orotund manner, to Harry Jr., who brings all of the old tricks, and a few new ones, to Broadway. The new, modernized Blackstone slices a woman in half with a 36-inch rotary saw; he makes an elephant disappear; he turns a lady into a tiger. Birds vanish, and an eagle suddenly materializes. A glowing light bulb leaves the stage and floats up the aisles, with the magician close behind, spinning a hoop around it to show that there are no hidden wires. Thirteen grown men, volunteers all, tie Blackstone into knots—which he breaks faster than you can say his name. He is also assisted by a camel, a donkey, a baby rabbit, an orchestra and a troupe of young and enthusiastic dancers.

Blackstone! is, in short, an updated version of a show that has been delighting audiences for years. Forget the fact that the dances look as if they had been choreographed by the quarterback of the Los Angeles Rams. Forget, too, the fact that the corn in Blackstone's patter is as high as his elephant's eye. His show is fun. — *Gerald Clarke*

Italo-Boffo

PASSIONE *by Albert Innaurato*

If a rat designed a kitchen, this would be it. Everything is dingy, dirty, tattletale gray. The refrigerator, the table, the washer—name it—it is dusty and either sags or tilts. At stage left is the adjoining bedroom, crammed with cardboard boxes.

Like a canny Hollywood factotum, Playwright Innaurato has followed *Gemini* with *Gemini II*. Again, he writes about an Italo-American clan at warmer than room temperature. The emotionally suppurating wounds are redder than the red

Stiller and Paton in *Passione*

Either sagging or tilting.

badge of self-exonerating cowardice. Again, rollicking ethnic humor is couched in lacerating ethnic self-contempt. Someone ought to write a term paper investigating why almost all of the great U.S. comics on radio, stage, screen or TV come from ethnic enclaves.

The plot line: Aggy (Angela Paton), ex-Wife from hillbilly country, remeets ex-Husband Berto (Jerry Stiller), a failed inventor. Her ostensible purpose is repossession of mingy personal belongings. Her real purpose: repossession of Hubby, a toasty-warm, sentimental, well-endowed Mediterranean stud.

Among those who provide percussive laughter, note well Aggy's Ozark sister Sarah (Sloane Shelton). Some gratuitous violence mars *Passione*, but the chances are that Innaurato's play, now at off-Broadway's Playwrights Horizons Theater, will prove to be a long-term box-office hit. — *T.E.K.*

Jack Nicholson, with a mind to murder, is isolated with his family in a deserted hotel; Shelley Duvall plays his terrified wife

Red Herrings and Refusals

THE SHINING *Directed by Stanley Kubrick*
Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick and Diane Johnson

If one is determined to find a supernatural explanation for the strange goings-on in the old, grand, snowbound hotel in the Rockies, it is just barely possible to do so. But Stanley Kubrick really does not care. His adaptation of *The Shining*, Stephen King's pulpy haunted-house novel, keeps forcing reasonable—or non-occult—interpretations on the behavior, variously bonkers and bloody, that his camera records with its customary elegance. Whether his stylistic mastery and rigorous intelligence will carry this film to commercial success with the bedrock audience for horror—a young crowd that likes its metaphysics murky and its menaces crude—is problematical. But it is impossible not to admire Kubrick for flouting conventional expectations of his horror film just as he did those of the sci-fi tale in *2001*.

The situation is classic. Reasons for juxtaposing the ordinary with the ominous must be found. A scheme for keeping the two sequestered until they have worked out their destiny must be set forth. The everyday element is represented by the Torrance family. Dad (Jack Nicholson) is a writer who claims that he is looking for a quiet place to work; Mom (Shelley Duvall) has no apparent interests other than her family's welfare. Their son (Danny Lloyd) has an angelic face and a sweet spirit. The dreadful is ostensibly represented by the hotel they are hired to watch over when it is closed for the winter. Its vastness is emphasized by its emptiness. It does not so much shelter the family group as threaten to swallow them up, especially after snow cuts them off from the world. The place has the requisite haunted history. Years ago, another caretaker murdered his wife and daughters and then killed himself there.

Danny Lloyd

From the start Kubrick hints at reversals to come. There is something false in Nicholson's bonhomie as he applies for the job. Shortly thereafter a history of drifting and alcoholism is casually alluded to. This man may not be the usual horror-story victim of the inexplicable. Quite the opposite; one begins to wonder if he might not turn out to be the source of the story's evil instead of its plaything. Then, too, his son's gifts for precognition and telepathy, also quickly established, do not seem to be evidence of demonic possession of the sort that *The Exorcist* and *The Omen* have conditioned audiences to expect from pretty children who act strangely. Rather, one comes to realize that these are defense mechanisms developed by a mind desperately reaching for weapons against the father's erratic behavior.

Once the Torrances are settled in, Kubrick refuses to characterize the hotel as a conventionally haunted house. Its corridors are brightly lit, nothing goes bump in the night. Even the strange visions, when they begin to appear, are not necessarily to be seen as spooky apparitions, but as the hallucinations of a mind—Nicholson's—allowing itself to be drawn toward the violent conclusion the child has foreseen.

This is a movie of false clues and red herrings. It is a measure of Kubrick's artistry that he states his only supernatural theme, that of reincarnation, so lightly that it could be missed entirely. One has to connect the enigmatic scene involving a nude woman in Room 237 with the film's last image, of a photograph taken in 1921, in order to apprehend it. That, too, could be a false clue, since everything Nicholson does can be attributed to psychosis, to a weakened mind placed under intolerable pressure by isolation.

It is a daring thing the director has done, this bleaching out of all the cheap thrills, this dashing of all the hopes one brings to what is, after all, advertised as "a masterpiece of modern horror." Certainly he has asked much of Nicholson, who must sustain attention in a hugely unsympathetic role, and who responds with a brilliantly crazed performance.

It may be that this is a canonical work, something that only those who find Stanley Kubrick to be one of the world's great living film artists will respond to. By taking a book by an author who is at the center of the craze for the supernatural, and turning it into a refusal of and subtle comment on that loopy cultural phenomenon, Kubrick has made a movie that will have to be reckoned with on the highest level.

— *Richard Schickel*

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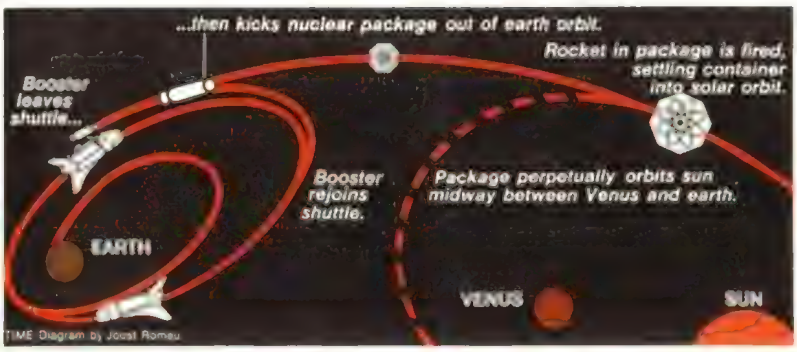

Nuclear Dump in the Heavens

Using the space shuttle to "bury" radioactive wastes

As the poisoning of Love Canal painfully shows, the problem of ordinary chemical pollution is horrendous enough. But potentially worse is the dilemma of how to dispose of radioactive wastes. Though countless schemes have been proposed for sealing the deadly stuff deep within the earth, few people seem willing to live on or near such a "hot" burial ground. Now scientists are suggesting another idea: banish the nuclear-age garbage to far-off space, using NASA's shuttle as a kind of celestial dump truck when it finally flies, probably early next year.

The space option for nuclear waste is not exactly a new idea. It has long been apparent that the safest incinerator for such material would be the nuclear fires of the sun. But solar burial has one overwhelming drawback: sending a rocket spiraling into the sun with a nuclear cargo would require extremely high speeds and prodigious amounts of fuel, as would the alternative of sending it out of the solar system. The nearby moon, on the other hand, is more accessible, but contaminating that pristine surface would surely create an international furor. Nor would public concern be less if the debris were left circling the earth, with the potential of becoming a nuclear Skylab.

Yet there may be a safe and acceptable nuclear depot in the heavens. Three space engineers writing in the journal *Astronautics & Aeronautics* suggest parking the dangerous debris in an orbit far from any living thing, midway between the earth's own path around the sun and that of the neighboring planet Venus. Left there, say Claude Priest and Robert Nixon of NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center and Eric Rice of the Battelle Laboratories in Columbus, it would never come closer to the earth than 22.5 million km (14 million miles). The scheme would also be cheaper than sending the waste into the sun. Best of all, say the engineers, the garbage would remain locked in its orbit for at least a million years.

They admit that their brainstorm has some shortcomings. Because of the shuttle's small payload, only the most hazardous fission byproducts could be considered for launch. They would also require almost foolproof packaging—probably a hardened mix of metals and ceramic encased in stainless steel spheres. As a precaution against a crash during lift-off or in the early stages of the journey, the spheres would be carried in an aerodynamically shaped container with heat shielding. That would enable them to survive a fiery plunge back into the atmosphere without spreading radioactive debris round the earth.

Following a trajectory that minimized passage over land, the shuttle would carry its hot cargo into earth orbit. Then the crew would deploy a giant mechanical arm and guide the nuclear package, together with a booster rocket, out of the cargo bay. After backing the shuttle a safe distance away, the astronauts would fire the booster, kicking the nuclear package out of earth orbit and hurtling it sunward. The booster would be detached and steered back into the cargo bay for return to earth and reuse on further missions, like the shuttle itself. Meanwhile, after a journey of about 160 days, another rocket in the nuclear waste package would be fired by remote control, this time braking the container and letting it settle into a permanent solar orbit between earth and Venus.

The authors acknowledge that the most careful preparations would offer no absolute guarantee against the workings of Murphy's Law (what can go wrong, will). But, they say, the risks are clearly calculable and precautions can be taken. Their enthusiasm is apparently shared in Washington. Last week, as part of a joint program with the Department of Energy, NASA awarded a $296,000 contract to the Boeing Co. Its purpose: to start up a four-year study on the possibility of exercising the space option for ridding the earth of nuclear wastes. ■

Pandaring

Aiding nature

"In all the encounters, it was obvious that the male and female were excited and sexually interested in each other. She was willing and he was anxious, but they just couldn't coordinate their efforts."

No, this is not an excerpt from the latest report on human sexual inadequacy by Masters and Johnson. It is the director of Washington's National Zoo, Theodore Reed, explaining why the capital's popular pair from Peking, the giant pandas Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing, have failed to produce offspring in three years of bumbling attempts.

Last week the zoo took matters into its own hands. Her bleating and scent marking tipped off officials that the female Ling-Ling was in heat, an event that lasts a scant five days each spring. So a team of 13, including Head Veterinarian Mitchell Bush and Anesthesiologist Michael Abramowitz of the Washington, D.C., Children's Hospital, gathered around the lady. Ling-Ling was anesthetized, then inseminated with approximately 3.2 cc of semen that had been collected from Hsing-Hsing last year and frozen. (Fresh semen had been collected from Hsing-Hsing shortly before the insemination, but the sperm count was considered too low for conception.) To improve the odds that the artificial union would work, the team inseminated Ling-Ling again 24 hours later.

The gestation period for pandas is about five months, and it will take almost 4½ months for the first signs of pregnancy to appear—a swelling of Ling-Ling's breasts as she gets ready to nurse. Thus far only the Chinese have successfully bred a panda by artificial means. But such human intervention is becoming increasingly prudent. In the past five years, earthquakes and the natural disappearance of their major food, the arrow bamboo, have killed at least a tenth of China's giant pandas. Today only about 1,000 remain in the wild. ■

Ling-Ling nuzzles Hsing-Hsing

Willing, anxious and bumbling

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Science

Noisy Windmill

Shushing the swish-swish

The world's largest windmill began operating last year in Boone, N.C. With blades that stretch 60 meters (200 ft.) from tip to tip and can generate 2,000 kw of electricity, it is also, it seems, the world's noisiest. Besides dominating the scenic Blue Ridge Mountains landscape—or despoiling it, as some of those living near by complain—the monster rattles windows, bounces cups and saucers and creates an irritating swish-swish.

Surprised by this unexpected noise pollution from an experimental power plant that was supposed to be almost entirely free of environmental headaches, engineers from the U.S. Department of Energy and NASA flocked to Boone (pop. 8,754). Their findings: though the very low-frequency sound waves (about 2 cycles per sec.) from the windmill are below the usual range of human hearing, they can be amplified by wind and weather conditions and the terrain over which they are directed and thus become powerful enough to vibrate objects in the home.

World's largest windmill in Boone, N.C.
The monster rattled windows, shook cups.

Muffling the wind machine may force a major retooling of the $6 million project, including a change of blades and electrical generators to allow for slower rotation. It may also require a reorientation of the basic design, so that future windmills face into the wind rather than away from it. Meanwhile, the Department of Energy has given Boone some temporary relief. Until some way can be found to hush the noisy blades, they will no longer be allowed to whirl at night, in the early morning or on weekends. ■

"George is snorkeling, the kids are playing tennis, and I haven't washed a dish in a week."

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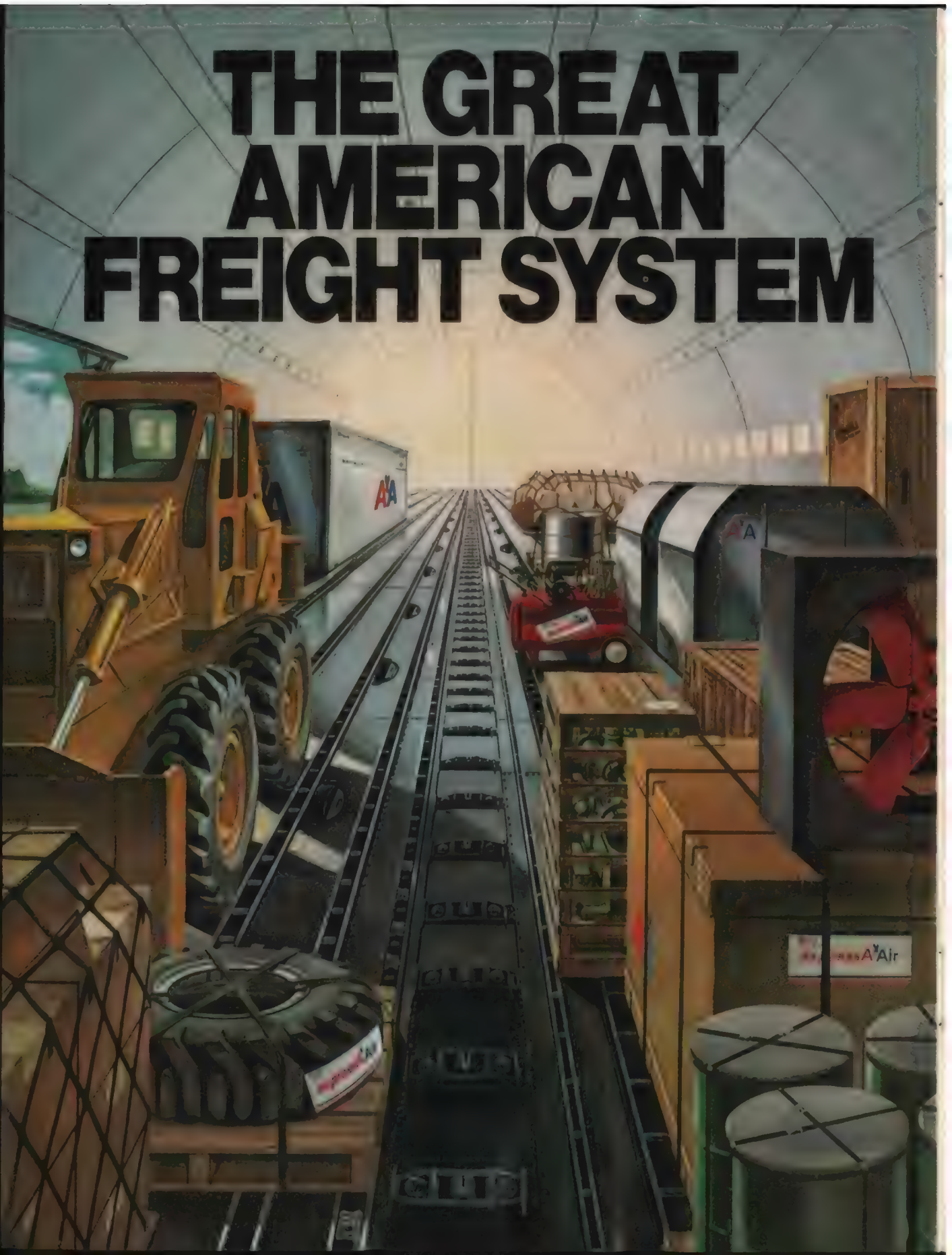

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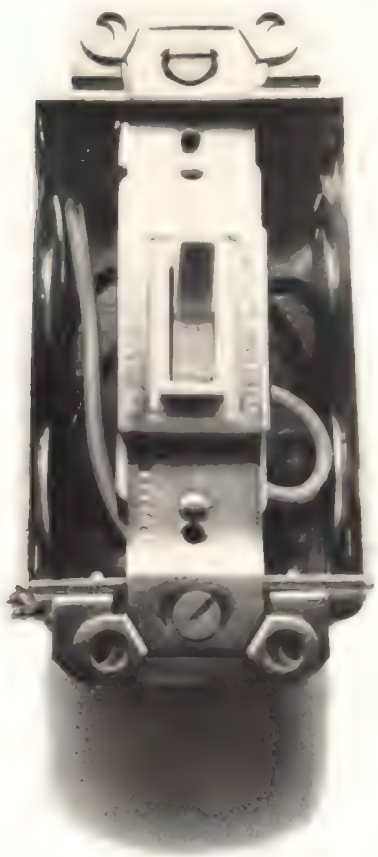

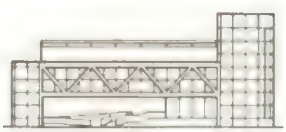

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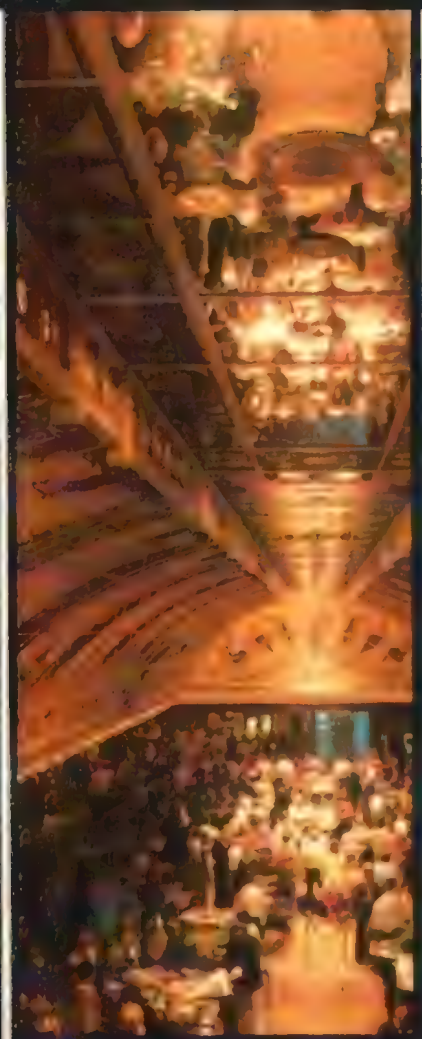

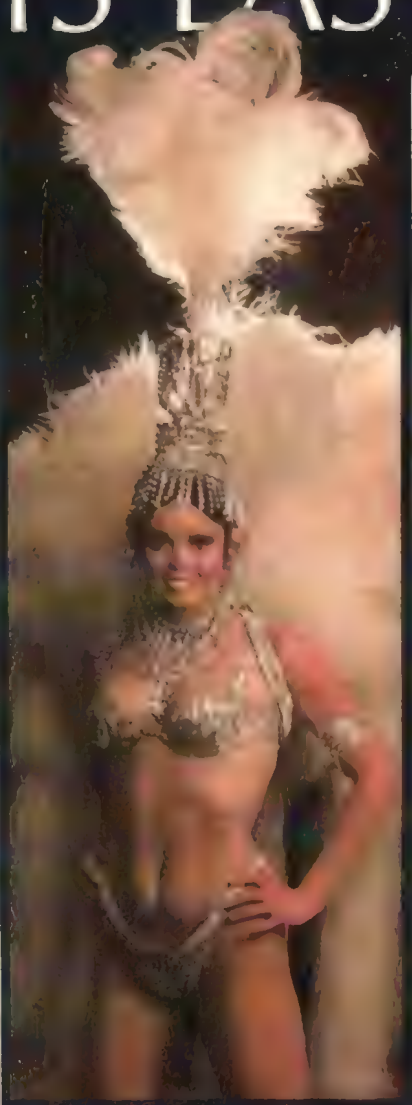

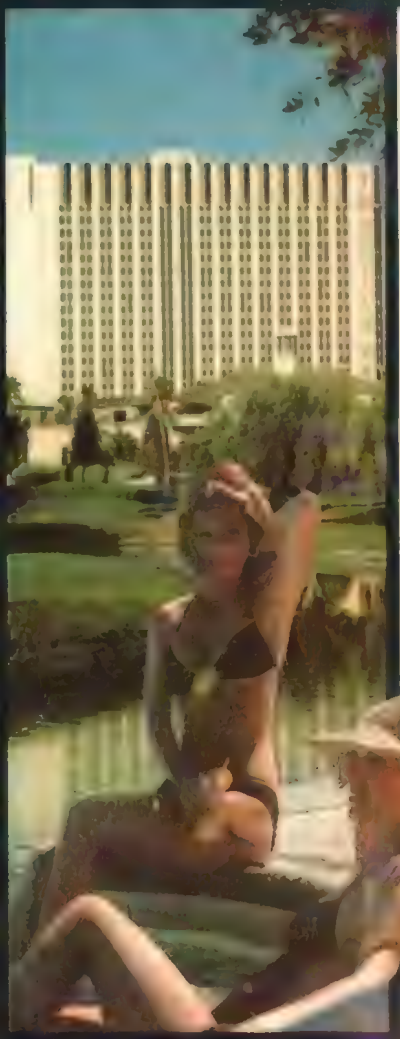

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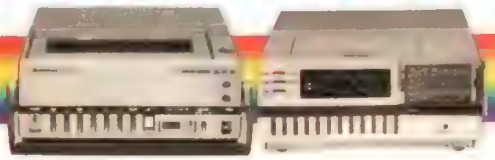

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Arrivederci, Roma

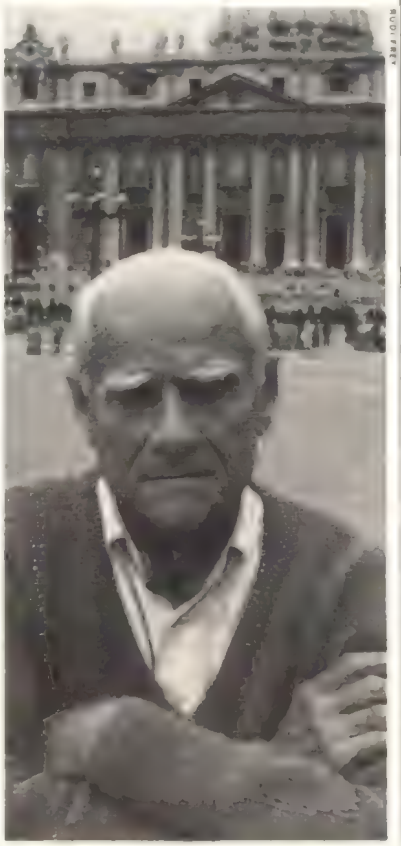
TIME OF DESECRATION *by Alberto Moravia; Translated by Angus Davidson Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 376 pages; $12.95*

Ancient Rome bestowed laws, roads, imperial machismo, crucifixions, *la dolce vita* and the drama of decline and fall, the longest-running show in Western history. The city continues to give the impression of crumbling into its own ruins, its reputation as decadence central cheered on by Fellini and Gore Vidal. But like a Verdi heroine dying with a knife in her breast, Rome continues to sing impressively.

No modern Italian knows this role better than Alberto Moravia, who has been Italy's leading literary celebrity for half a century. His first novel, *The Time of Indifference* (1929), scrutinized the bourgeoisie and the coming of Mussolini. His anti-Fascism and pungent tales gained audiences throughout Europe and the U.S. Films were based on his work, notably *Two Women*, which established Sophia Loren as a serious actress. Today his own scripts, movie reviews and articles are as much a part of Roman life as the traffic. In addition, Moravia benefits from the special relationship European authors have with their readers. Strangers greet him on the street, and journalists constantly seek his opinions. At 72 he still considers himself one of Rome's foremost "emergency intellectuals," a cultural SWAT team always ready to sign a petition, write protest letters or give interviews for liberal causes.

Such combat has not hindered Moravia's career. His entwined political and sexual themes were assured attention by strictures from *il Duce* and the Vatican. His latest novel, *La Vita Interiore* (The Internal Life), was banned last year under Italy's broad obscenity laws. The old national debate over censorship was rekindled; Moravia's gray head bloomed once again on magazine covers, and brawls erupted at public meetings where sections of the novel were read aloud.

Translated into English as *Time of Desecration*, the book arrives like an immigrant with a pocketful of soft currency. It is difficult to imagine how an obscenity case about a piece of Italian fiction will cause a stir in the U.S., where hard-core pornography can be bought openly in Mom-and-Pop candy stores. Furthermore, as Moravia readers might suspect, there is nothing pornographic about the novel. It is, in fact, highly moral and antierotic. The author has always treated unaffectionate sex as symptomatic of public disintegration and spiritual malaise. The more convoluted the sex, the more disturbed the character or the society. Still, it is easy to see why Italy's guardians of public morals are upset. The novel is a highly styled fictional essay that depicts the middle class as wallowing neurotically in money and flesh while young terrorists wait in the wings to put them out of their misery.



Alberto Moravia

A pocketful of soft currency.

Viola is a rich American-born Italian who yearns to make love to her adopted teen-age daughter while being sodomized by the family business adviser. Translation: international capitalism and/or the bourgeoisie without social roots and responsibilities are oral and anal erotics seeking to relieve their anxieties with kinks and the false security of filthy lucre. When the psychosymbolism hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that's definitely not *amore*.

Daughter Desideria does not think so either. She is shocked out of an obese adolescence by her mother's goings-on. As her name suggests, Desideria has obsessions and longings of her own. She is an arresting character whose heartless voice dominates the narrative, cleverly cast as an interview: Moravia asks the questions and then ventriloquizes Desideria's bizarre tale.

Desideria's natural mother was a prostitute who sold her to Viola, who fluctuates between being an overattentive parent and an insatiable bisexual. Left alone, Desideria fills her loneliness with autoeroticism and calories. Viola puts the girl on a diet and discovers a voluptuous beauty beneath the flab. Reborn, Desideria hears a voice that commands her to attack her mother's values and property and save her virginity for a militant radical. At first the rebellion is symbolic, a form of childish Dada ("Practically the whole of our life is a tissue of unreasoned respects, of unfounded taboos," says Desideria). But eventually the voice calls for and gets real blood.

Moravia has always been adept at manipulating literary conceits for startling effect. He once wrote a novel about a man who talked to his penis. An Italian Joan of Arc who hears the voice of nihilism calling her to action is a promising conception, and the author has not lost his admirable appetite for extremism in the defense of humanism.

But *Time of Desecration* is not extreme enough. Its materials call out for the purging effects of outrageous comedy. There is some bitter wit in Desideria's cold-eyed observations, but her force as a character is throttled by garrulous abstractions. She is convincing only when she is a sounding board for Moravia's feelings, most tellingly: "I had been bourgeois, I was bourgeois, I would remain bourgeois, for ever."

— *R.Z. Sheppard*

Excerpt

"*I:* I now know a good many things about Viola, but not what she was like. Tell me what she looked like, physically.

Desideria: She was . . . two-sided.

I: Two-sided?

Desideria: Yes, she was different when seen from the front or the back. If you looked at her from in front, you saw a mature woman with a wasted, deteriorated, worn-out body. Her neck looked decrepit, with two or three circles of wrinkles all round it; on her chest, her breasts hung down like two brown bags, deflated and flabby; her belly, possibly because of an interrupted pregnancy, was a regular network of thin folds. But if you told her to turn round, you then saw the back of a young woman, a woman of less than thirty. Her shoulders, her back, her buttocks, her thighs looked mysteriously yet eloquently graceful, sensual, provoking."

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Even traffic jams are less agonizing in a Mercedes-Benz Diesel: while idling, it burns *75 percent* less fuel than a gasoline engine of similar size.

1980 EPA fuel economy estimates

Model	EPA est.:		Highway	
	mpg	range	mpg	range
240 D (Man)	28	481	34	584
240 D (Auto)	26	447	29	498
300 D	23	485	28	590
300 CD	23	485	28	590
300 TD	23	425	28	518
300 SD	24	520	32	694

4. These may be the least fussy automobiles yet devised.

This is because the Diesel may be the least fussy automobile power plant yet devised. Fuel injection, not carburetors. No complex emissions controls. Its knack for reliability and ruggedness endears the Diesel to truckers, trainmen and others who view constant upkeep as a

*Suggested East Coast retail prices. Taxes, license, destination charges, dealer preparation and optional equipment additional.

**California estimates vary.

headache—and breakdowns as a sin.

The times are trying enough. How nice to drive a car that doesn't try you further.

5. A Mercedes-Benz Diesel consists of an amazing engine, surrounded by an equally amazing automobile.

The luxury of superb handling, standard.

It is a Mercedes-Benz first and a Diesel second. It rides and handles and stops like no other car because it is engineered like no other car.

The blue-chip engineering involved does much to account for the car's cost—and its character. This character, this *integrity*, makes it a rewarding car to drive and to live with over the years.

6. The first priority of Mercedes-Benz is your physical safety.

Every Mercedes-Benz Diesel incorporates 120 safety features as standard equipment.

The car could be less expensive if certain of these features were deleted, and few laymen might even be the wiser. But it would no longer deserve to be called a Mercedes-Benz.

There are many vital automotive issues in the eighties. Mercedes-Benz believes that safety ranks second to none, today as always. And designs its cars accordingly.

7. A Mercedes-Benz Diesel is a no-nonsense automobile in step with these no-nonsense times.

Your money buys engineering intelligence, not gimmicks. There are no padded roofs or imitation wire wheels available.

The car's exterior is not decorated but aerodynamically shaped to decrease wind resistance. Size and weight are pared to the tolerable minimums.

8. A Mercedes-Benz Diesel is actually *five* Diesels.

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9. A Mercedes-Benz Diesel is one of the most thoroughly *proven* automobiles on earth.

The pressures of the times did not force Mercedes-Benz

1936: The Diesel that started it all.

into a crash program to design an efficient automobile. Quite the contrary: Mercedes-Benz was poised for the needs of the eighties with 44 years of Diesel experience—and a worldwide Diesel success story, 142 countries long.

10. Tally up all these facts and the conclusion is simple. The most reassuring, most comforting, most *relevant* three words in these trying automotive times are: Mercedes-Benz Diesel.

Over 400 authorized Mercedes-Benz dealers from coast to coast stand ready to back up these unstintingly engineered cars with unstinting service. Call or visit the one nearest you. He will gladly answer any additional questions, and he will be pleased to arrange a Diesel test drive at your convenience.

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John Kennedy Toole

Rumblings

A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES
by John Kennedy Toole
Louisiana State University Press
338 pages; $12.95

Into each literary life some unsolicited manuscripts must fall, and fall and fall and fall. They are almost never any good. Established authors, editors, critics and agents read them glumly, but with a touch of the spirit that moves others to buy lottery tickets. The big payoff may be ridiculously unlikely, but the lure is irresistible. Novelist Walker Percy was handed an improbable winning number in 1976. A teaching stint in New Orleans left him vulnerable to would-be writers. One day a bulky manuscript was thrust upon him by a middle-aged woman wearing white gloves and accompanied by a chauffeur. She firmly advised Percy to read the "great book" her son had written. Seeing no gentlemanly way out, he began to riffle pages and then to read slowly. Before long, he decided that *A Confederacy of Dunces* was "a great rumbling farce" that had to be published.

The story behind this novel has a happy ending; the story of its author does not. John Kennedy Toole was born in New Orleans in 1937. He graduated from high school at 16 and then from Tulane in 1958. He received a master's degree in English from Columbia a year later, taught for a year in New York City and then returned to Louisiana. He served two years in the Army, chiefly based in Puerto Rico, where he wrote his novel. He went back to New Orleans to teach and to find a publisher. Years passed with no success. As his frustrations continued, Toole grew increasingly withdrawn. He was found asphyxiated in his car in 1969.

In his posthumous exuberant comic novel, laughter prevails. Ignatius J. Reilly, 30, is a monumental slob whose mere appearance on the streets of New Orleans makes policemen itch to arrest him. "To think," one character tells him, "that they're letting you run around loose." Ignatius' ruling passion is his utter contempt for the modern age; its manifestations make his pyloric valve close, trapping gas in his cavernous stomach. His heart belongs to the early Middle Ages. He thinks that contemporary domestic life would be improved if chains and manacles were put back in the home, where they belong: "When father came in from work, the whole family could grab him and chain him for being stupid enough to be working all day long to support them."

Unfortunately for Ignatius, his dipsomaniacal mother forces him to look for a 20th century job. He first fetches up at Levy Pants, a somnolent factory with a senile secretary named Miss Trixie. "Am I retired?" she asks often. Ignatius tries to organize the black workers into an ill-fated Crusade for Moorish Dignity. Then he takes up selling hot dogs in the French Quarter. His mother comes to the belated conclusion that Ignatius is disgracing her and wonders about committing him to Charity Hospital. A friend urges her on: "If it's free and they lock people away, Ignatius oughta be there."

A number of satellite characters keep orbiting Ignatius' girth. There is Burma Jones, a young black who has to take a low-paying job at a Bourbon Street strip joint or be arrested for vagrancy. As a sidewalk shill for the acts inside, Jones seeks his revenge: "Night of Joy got genuine color peoples workin below the minimal wage." Then there is Patrolman Mancuso, who has been ordered by his chief to bring in at least one suspicious character. Donning the odd costumes he is forced to wear for the purpose of enticement, Mancuso constantly goes out and gets himself arrested. Much of the comedy in the novel is of the atom-smashing variety; people and props ricochet off each other into unforeseen trajectories. Ignatius' favorite work is Boethius' *The Consolation of Philosophy*. This book passes from his hands to a policeman's; it is stolen by a juvenile delinquent and next appears as a prop in a pornographic photograph, which winds up back in Ignatius' hands.

The title comes from Jonathan Swift: "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him." Ultimately, Ignatius is simply too grotesque and loony to be taken for a genius; the world he howls at seems less awful than he does. Pratfalls can pass beyond slapstick only if they echo, and most of the ones in this novel do not. They are terribly funny, though, and if a book's price is measured against the laughs it provokes, *A Confederacy of Dunces* is the bargain of the year. — *Paul Gray*

Dear Theo

STRANGER
by Bryan Forbes
Doubleday; 474 pages; $12.95

For the well-born and well-off, Cambridge University was an oasis in the wasteland of prewar Europe. Yet, for a few, the green fields were mined with sexual intrigue and high treason. For Cambridge was also a school for scandal. The most notorious Soviet spies were recruited there: Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, Kim Philby and, it turned out late last year, Sir Anthony Blunt, now deknighted and deposed as art adviser to the Queen. How, from this world of privilege, philosophy and vintage port, could the Soviets have enlisted such consummate traitors?

In *Stranger*, subtitled *A Novel About the Fourth Man*, the narrator concludes: "They picked carefully and they picked well . . . I feel it was no accident that their four most successful recruits were all taken from the ranks of those who considered themselves unloved." He adds: "It was the adultery of the soul that claimed most of their spare time." In this arrangement of the Cantabrigian quartet, Bryan Forbes, the English actor, director (*The L-Shaped Room*) and novelist, homes in on Theo Gittings, who bears a passing resemblance to Blunt. Theo, a brilliant, alienated invert who becomes a pillar of the literary establishment, is compared by critics to E.M. Forster (a fellow homosexual who issued the closet *cri de coeur*: "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country"). Theo's career as Communist agent is unraveled after his death by bestselling Writer Anthony Stern, a straight second cousin who had been his social inferior and dearest friend.

Theo is an imaginary character,

Bryan Forbes

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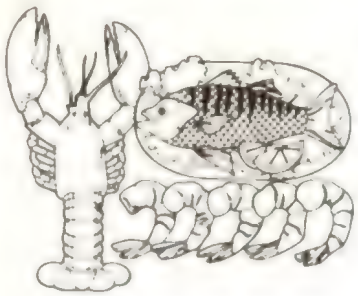

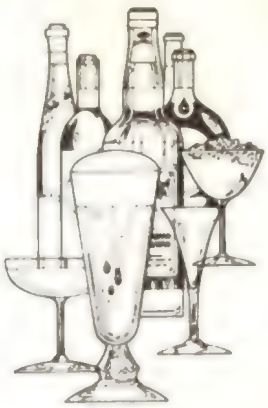

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though the specific details of his dilemma are all too true. Forbes' novel is not "faction" or a thriller, but a thoughtful blend of both.

As he delves through Theo's journals and his own memories of their abutting lives, Narrator Stern etches a bleak chronicle of loneliness and lust, punctuated with quiet irony. Stern notes the perennial alibi of the spy: treachery is excusable because it is always performed in the name of humanity. The excuse is held up to the light and found "curiously selective, since few spies seem disposed to share their thefts with anybody but the Soviet Union."

Twisting through its labyrinthine course, *Stranger* provides vivid profiles of Burgess, Maclean and Philby, who appear as themselves, but the many-tiered novel is most affecting in its depictions of love true and false, at home, abroad and long gone. It is in these passages that the novel persuasively insinuates a chill, echoing question: The fourth man has been identified, but is there a fifth, sixth—even an nth man out there?

"Who knows how deeply the worms have eaten?" Stern wonders. "We all think we sleep safely in our beds, the mortgage payments up to date, the house insured, the burglar alarm operative ... and outside, the Philbys of this world are still at large, observing us from afar, listening to us through brick walls, photographing us with lenses that pierce the night, recruiting the next crop of fellow travellers even as they discredit the old, detonating their minds with new lies." Underneath this language: Tick ... Tick... Tick... — ***Michael Demarest***

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7. The Devil's Alternative, *Forsyth (6)*
8. Portraits, *Freeman (7)*
9. Man, Woman and Child, *Segal*
10. Glitter and Ash, *Smith (8)*

NONFICTION

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2. Men in Love, *Friday (2)*
3. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (4)*
4. Will, *Liddy (1)*
5. Nothing Down, *Allen*
6. Donahue, *Donahue & Co. (5)*
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Guarding the Door

Their journey repeats the classic American immigrant sagas. To escape the old country (the ration line, the future foreclosed, the totalitarian rant), they climb aboard overcrowded boats and go pitching out across the water to a different life. When they glimpse the new land, they throng to the rails; they peer toward the dock with that vulnerable immigrant look of yearning that everyone carries in memory, like a cracked photograph: the faces at Ellis Island, the Golden Door—or at least the servants' entrance—to the new world and all its redemptions.

The drama, now replayed by thousands of Cubans in their 110-mile trek across the Straits of Florida, can still raise a glow of patriotic nostalgia in Americans. It is "a nation of immigrants," after all, as John Kennedy wrote 100 years after his Irish great-grandfather left County Wexford to become a cooper in Boston. But today Americans are having trouble rising to the occasion. Drifting into a recession whose depths they cannot yet judge, skittish about plant closings and lost jobs, about oil prices and taxes that already seem too high for Government services that provide too little, Americans are less disposed to invite more strangers into the house. The beds are all taken, they say. The basement is jammed with illegal aliens—as many as 12 million, by some counts, with thousands more daily piling across the borders.

Ku Klux Klansmen have paraded around Florida lately, dispensing their old nativist bile and giving a bad name to an argument (AMERICA FOR AMERICANS, the picket signs say) that has more thoughtful and respectable proponents. The *New Republic's* columnist, TRB, a voice of intelligent liberalism, writes with some truculence: "Sooner or later, America must face reality. It is going to be painful ... The trouble is that huddled masses need jobs. The American frontier (worse luck) is gone." The American ideal of endless hospitality and refuge presupposed perpetually expanding resources. Now, says the argument, an emerging order of scarcity mandates self-interest, selectivity, limitation, exclusion. No more the profligate America with arms open in Whitmanesque embrace, ready to issue a shovel to anyone strong enough and willing to dig.

Actually, Congress posted very picky bouncers at the Golden Door in 1921, when it began the quota system. But official strictures on immigration have become a kind of charade. The flow of illegal immigrants persists, merely inconvenienced by the understaffed Immigration and Naturalization Service and the Border Patrol. And the U.S. has often made massive exceptions to the law in order to admit refugees—36,000 from Hungary after the 1956 uprising, for example, and 872,000 from Cuba since the Castro revolution. Future upheavals will undoubtedly produce massive new exceptions. A new law, the Refugee Act of 1980, attempts to bring some order to immigration, but it is not much help in resolving the questions of fairness, humanity, precedent and priority that the new mass Cuban migration raises.

The most basic matter of American fairness, of who is entitled to what, was brought up with a theatrical appropriateness by the black riots in Miami, the capital of Cuban America. The heavy infusion of Spanish-speaking Latins into southern Florida has been one factor in making blacks there (citizens with deep and painful roots in the American past) feel even more intensely wronged than blacks elsewhere in the nation. Latins argue that the Cubans (450,000 in Dade County alone) have accelerated business development, brought fresh blood and vigor to the area, and thus more jobs. That is true. In fact, the entire logic of immigration rests upon the fact that immigrants are almost always an asset, a new presence, a little bit frightened and often culturally ingenious. But the Latin renaissance has left blacks in an unhappy third place in the community. Often they cannot get jobs if they do not speak Spanish; they feel, therefore, doubly estranged. Their question presents an almost unanswerable grievance: Why does America welcome strangers and mistreat its own?

Whites as well object that newcomers overtax the housing (the vacancy rate in Dade County is less than 1%), the overburdened schools and other public services. Beyond the matter of fairness to American blacks and other minorities, the new Cuban infusion raises questions about what is fair to other refugees and immigrants. Millions of people around the world want to get into America; they pay the nation the compliment of a sometimes desperate yearning to settle here. There are now 9 million foreigners applying, and only a small percentage of them will get the chance to enter the U.S. legally.

Those who wish to pull up the gangplank should probably remember that arguments eerily similar to their own have been offered almost since the beginning of the nation. In 1797 a Congressman declared that while liberal immigration policies were fine for a country new and unsettled, the U.S. was now mature and fully populated and so the gates must close to newcomers. In the depression of 1873, workers rioted in some cities over the immigrants who were stealing their jobs from them. Americans, so idealistically generous and expansive in their official mythology, have generally greeted foreigners with fear and loathing. A New York newspaper editorial in the late 19th century commented on the Italian influx: "The bars are down. The dam is washed away. The sewer is choked. The scum of immigration is viscerating upon our shores." Franklin Roosevelt held rigidly to his immigrant quotas all through the '30s, when Europe's Jews were desperately seeking refuge from Hitler. The American failure to welcome Europe's Jews may have encouraged Hitler.

By comparison, the reception for the new Cubans has been fairly hospitable. The Carter Administration, after committing its customary sins of oversteering, veering in the process from one side of the issue to the other, is now trying to strike a workable, intelligent balance that will honor both the practical dilemma (the Cubans are here in the U.S., and it would be barbaric to try to ship them back) and the necessary precedents and principles (quota systems must be honored, American jobs must be protected, and the country cannot possibly take everyone who wants to come).

The U.S. cannot be sealed off like a medieval fortress at sundown. The Cubans who have come to the U.S. should be made welcome; but the U.S. must seek ways to discourage further outpourings. The old promiscuous invitation of the land of the free must be muted somewhat. That is an idea that Americans as well as potential immigrants may find painful to accept: a nation that has always cherished a self-congratulatory illusion that it could be all things to all who appeared at the front door must now have the character to make the sort of serious choices that might leave America seeming as vulnerable and diminished and woefully crass as the rest of the world. There are rational, realistic lines to be drawn—and promises inside the house that need to be redeemed. ***Lance Morrow***

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